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NEW STATESMAN

Erasing history

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Oilgate

Physically, the casualties of the sanctions-busting operations of BP and Shell are the people who have died because Rhodesia's futile war has been unnecessarily protracted. Morally, the chief casualty is the probity of the British system of government.

There has always been a cosy Establishment myth, in which Britain appears not as other countries. We live in a land where public servants can be trusted without supervision, in which political instructions will be either loyally followed or openly opposed, and in which the 'assurances' of business mandarins may be taken at face-value. The response to the great self-cleansings of American society has often been something like amused contempt. It couldn't happen here.

The oil scandal should finally dispose of this shop-soiled delusion. It happens here, sure enough. It's just that respectable opinion never manages to catch up with the facts until too late. And this is the really crucial point about sanctions-busting: it demonstrates, not just that we have some dishonest and subversive people in high places, but that we have an enormous number who have elevated self-serving naiveté into a code of anti-ethics.

It always stuck out a mile that the international oil companies must be supporting Ian Smith. And it was always likely that British companies were involved. For anyone armed with the powers of government – for instance, Sir Harold Wilson when he was prime minister, or any of the senior civil servants advising him – it would have been short work indeed to get at the truth. No such effort was made.

It has been left to journalists – principally Martin Bailey and Bernard Rivers, whose detailed exposé of the operations of Shell and BP appeared in the NEW STATESMAN in June – to establish the truth, after many years of work, and armed with no powers other than their own pertinacity. Even so, their revelations were greeted with cool official silence, until the *Sunday Times* at the weekend published BP's own admission to the Bingham inquiry.

Publication of the whole Bingham report is now the least that we require. It is reasonable to make a comparison with Watergate when we have prima-facie evidence of a large-scale conspiracy to subvert a declared national policy – a policy which, properly carried out, might well have resolved an intensely dangerous international crisis. Of the numerous detailed questions which need answering, an illustrative example is worth citing.

In 1976, Bailey and Rivers proved that the American oil company, Mobil, was sanctions-busting, and suggested that Shell and BP might be involved. Publicly, the official world maintained lofty silence. Privately, we now know, Sir Frank McFadzean – recently transferred from Shell to a state post at British Airways – hastened to see Sir Michael Palliser, head of the Foreign Office. Shortly afterwards, Sir Michael wrote to Sir Frank, thanking him for his 'assurances' of innocence, duly passed to the UN.

Which public servant was deceived in the generation of this curious 'assurance'? Why, so long as the question remains unanswered, should foreigners take the statements of the British Government as being worth anything more than wallpaper? Unhappily, our constitution provides no substantial means for investigating a scandal so widely-ramified as this one. Dr Owen's hands are no doubt clean, but he belongs to a Government which is an extension of the one which for many damaging years strove to pretend that the obvious was invisible. A Parliamentary inquiry would at least be independent – but the sacred doctrine of civil-service anonymity prevents it from demanding official papers. Ever since Joe Chamberlain managed to fool the Jameson Raid inquiry, people like Shell, BP and their collaborators have been getting away with it. And still, today, we have no constitutional means of catching them.

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Notes on Politics and Power

Our Man in BP

Godfrey Hodgson writes: It has always been understood that the relations between British Petroleum and Her Majesty's Government were potentially confusing and embarrassing for both parties. The government acquired 48 per cent of the company's shares in the first place precisely because oil, in the twentieth century, has meant economic and military power. On the other hand for BP to function effectively as a commercial enterprise, it was important that its every action should not be interpreted as an act of the British government. And so the guidelines were established, as long ago as 1928, in a text that is known as the 'Bradbury letter.' Since this is Britain, the most secretive of the democracies, it is perhaps not surprising that the document has never been published. But the policy it laid down is well known. It was that in ordinary commercial affairs BP should be free to pursue ordinary commercial policies; but the British government was to have a veto over the company's decisions where its own interests were likely to be affected – for example, the government would be free to intervene to stop BP supplying oil to a potential enemy. The prime responsibility for monitoring the company's activities to ensure that the government's and the national interests were safeguarded devolved on the two government-appointed directors.

Already, in 1976, when it emerged that BP had for some time been joining, along with Shell and other oil companies, in massive, systematic secret payments to the political parties of the governing coalition in Italy, serious questions arose as to how effectively the two government directors were doing their job. At a time when political corruption was the leading issue in a grave Italian political crisis, the involvement of a company effectively controlled by the British government clearly transgressed the Bradbury rules.

For years, too, it has been suspected that BP (and also Shell) were involved to some extent in evading Rhodesian sanctions. The questions were how much the companies were involved, and how much was known about sanctions busting at what level, in Southern Africa and in London. Clearly, the function of the two government directors, – Lord Greenhill of Harrow, since 1973 and Tom Jackson, of the Union of Post Office Workers, since 1975 – was to answer these questions to their own and the government's satisfaction.

Since the publication of, irrefutable information about sanctions busting by Martin Bailey and Bernard Rivers here (NS June 30) and elsewhere, and as a result of the company's own 'confession' to the Bingham inquiry, no reasonable doubt can remain that the government directors have failed in their task.

The general conclusion is likely to be that by far the heavier responsibility must lie with Lord Greenhill. A quiet, rather self-effacing man, Denis Greenhill left the Royal Engineers after the war with the rank of colonel at the age of 32, and his subsequent career in the Foreign Office was similarly unspectacular but swift-moving. Like so many of the men who have controlled our foreign policy in the past thirty years, he spent much of his career in Washington. He was there in the embassy from 1949 to 1952, and then again, after stints at the Imperial Defence College, at NATO and in Singapore, from 1959 to 1964. In that year, the year Harold Wilson took over as Prime Minister for the first time, Denis Greenhill came back to London and moved smoothly up the ladder from assistant under secretary to deputy under secretary and then, in 1969, head of the Foreign Office.

In 1973 he retired, and became a director of BP and several other companies. As recently as February 1976, Lord Greenhill was sent to Salisbury by the present Prime Minister for talks with Ian Smith. Ian Smith cannot have been unaware that the British representative he was dealing with was a director of a company which had helped his government to evade sanctions.

Astonishingly, the compilers of the Bingham Report did not interview Lord Greenhill. But someone, surely, sooner or later, will ask him to explain himself.

The airwave carve-up

Peter Sommer writes: In a Home Office department near Waterloo, a little known group of civil servants are finalising – without public discussion or debate – Britain's claims to an increasingly scarce resource. Next year, all nations get together for a World Administrative Radio Conference (WARC 79) at which the radio frequency spectrum – who gets how much of the bands, and for what – will be carved up. In this constant war between special interests, the need for decisions to be seen to be taken fairly could not be greater. In addition to broadcast radio and television, the RF spectrum is filled with voices, teleprinters, telemetry, remote control instructions, data, and encrypted military and diplomatic traffic. The demand is colossal.

In the United Kingdom the arbiters are the civil servants of the Radio Regulatory Department (a Home Office annexe from the former Ministry of Posts and Telecommunications), balancing various social needs and laying down technical specifications without too much outside supervision. The department has no statutory existence.

Criticism of its decisions is made particularly difficult by the absence of a published list of who uses which frequencies. Such a list must be covered by the Officials Secrets Acts in the same way as any other government document for which there was no authority to publish. In contrast, its US counterpart, the Federal Communications Commission issues long and frequent reports on most aspects of its work.

One problem with RRD is that they often negotiate with themselves; in the valuable VHF-UHF section from 30 to 960 Mhz for example, broadcasting accounts for about 34 per cent and Government and Home Office usage for just over 30 per cent. In Geneva this time next year WARC 79 will settle the broad frequency plan for the world up to and beyond the end of the century. It is likely to make important changes in the vital international short-wave band (3-30Mhz), sort out VHF television allocations, consider new facilities for scientific and medical interests, examine new proposals for maritime and aeronautical radionavigation, look at satellite communication, and reallocate large sections of the microwave bands. A vast increase in business radio bands is being sought, the amateurs want more frequencies for experimentation, and international decisions may be needed on citizens band radio. The Home Office has set its face firmly against a citizens band public radio service, fearing a loss of control.

Rapid and reliable communication confers political and economic power; a leasehold of a frequency allocation is of the same order as possession of arable land, mineral rights, or access to fishing. Yet far from the opening to the public a debate on our intended submissions to the international body, the RRD decided to settle for 104 invitations to comment to interested bodies, of which 91 replied. The results were printed in a curious Home Office booklet that was never formally published.

Public evidence of the lack of ability in the RRD can be seen when familiar BBC radio stations start marching across the dial next November, (we lost out to Albania at the last such conference), and the lack of decision about the fate of the old 405-line television channels (in a very useful frequency range). A few years ago, the same department opposed local commercial radio on the grounds of lack of frequency space in the medium wave. This was followed shortly afterwards by the introduction without difficulty of local radio using 'new' frequencies for both BBC and commercial stations. In Geneva, the whole range of radio from ultra low frequency (for submarines) to ultra high microwaves will be up for grabs. That is too much to leave to cosy consultations between unnamed interested bodies and anonymous civil servants.

Secrets and security

Denis MacShane writes: Next Tuesday Court 1 at the Old Bailey will be the scene of a major state trial under the Official Secrets Act. In the dock facing charges under the espionage section of the act will be two journalists and a former soldier.

All but one of the allegations concern a three hour interview which took place in a London flat in February 1977. The journalists – Duncan Campbell (who now works for the NEW STATESMAN) and Crispin Aubrey (of the London weekly *Time Out*) – had been to interview John Berry, who ten years before had worked in the Army signals intelligence.

As the three left the flat they were arrested and charged under Section 2 of the Official Secrets Act, which makes it an absolute offence to be given *any* official information by a crown servant. Two months later the charges were extended by alleging the three had broken Section 1 of the Act, the penalty for which is 14 years instead of two years in prison.

These 'alternative' charges were authorised by Labour Attorney General Sam Silkin at a time when the Labour Party was committed to dropping Section 2 of the Act. But Campbell is still charged with one offence under Section 2 – receiving information – which the Government's recent White Paper has promised to abolish.

The trial should settle whether or not Section 1 charges are just going to replace the

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discredited Section 2 in future. It will also focus on a wholly new initiative against investigative journalism. In August the authorities brought a new charge against Campbell. He was accused of breaching Section 1 of the Act through the possession of a quantity of files and photographs dealing with defence communications. It was simply alleged that the act of amassing information on such a subject – in which he is a specialist – was potentially damaging to the national interest.

To support this, 'Colonel B' appeared at Tottenham Magistrates Court last November to say that the information in the tape recording of the meeting between Campbell, Aubrey and Berry might damage the national interest.

The trial is being treated as a major security operation. In a letter sent to Fleet Street editors last week the Old Bailey court administrator stipulated that only a handful of journalists with an identity card issued by Scotland Yard would be allowed into court. This ruling would effectively bar journalists from magazines like *Time Out*, *Tribune*, *New Society*, the NUJ magazine the *Journalist* as well as socialist papers and specialist magazines in electronics for whom the case has a technological fascination.

Under pressure from the NUJ the Old Bailey are now saying they will consider application for press passes from journalists who have signed letters from editors, but this will still leave in the cold freelance reporters who want to cover the trial.

The police inside the Old Bailey will be keeping as keen an eye on the journalists on the press bench as on those in the dock. In the words of one senior Old Bailey official defending the extravagant arrangements for the hearing: 'We like to keep an eye on strange journalists who come in here. Just check them out to see if they're reliable, if anything is known.'

Carnival violence

Sue Woodman writes: Last weekend's Notting Hill Carnival was, for the third year running, brought to an end by violent confrontation between gangs of black youths and policemen. After a colourful day of peaceful celebrations (and a dramatically reduced level of pickpocketing and street crime) the violence took a familiar shape: youngsters hanging about under the Westway flyover after the major part of the festivities was over grabbed beer cans and available missiles and showered them over the police. The apparent inevitability of these scenes makes it look as though violence – albeit less vicious than at the last two Carnivals – has become the ritualised outcome for the once carefree local West Indian festival.

The Carnival and Arts Committee and the Carnival Development Committee – the two groups responsible for organising the carnival – united in their condemnation of the funding agencies involved with Carnival – the Commission for Racial Equality, the Arts Council, the Greater London Arts Council and the Greater London Council – for giving them too little money, too late. The CDC has been doing its work on a budget of some £11,000 (awarded just five weeks away from the Carnival) and the CAC has managed on less than half that amount. The Tory GLC refused to give a penny to either committee : and refused the use of Kensington Gardens as a judging point for the passing floats. The cash shortage meant fewer bands, costumes and events.

After last summer's Carnival, Police Commissioner Sir David McNee singled out the 'disaffection' of young blacks as a cause for their violent behaviour. This year, few lessons seem to have been learnt. There are plenty of theories about trouble arising from congestion at specific points along the Carnival route, or from the lack of evening entertainments, or even from the lack of funds, but in the past twelve months very little attempt has been made to involve in Carnival a generation of young blacks so alienated, even from their own elders, that they choose to destroy their festival.

Free Speech

The toothless TUC

Those who still maintain that the trade unions really run the country are going to be having an especially hard time of it this week. 'This movement of ours' will be convening in its usual televised form of a sea of white, bald, male and middle-aged heads. But it will not be speaking, as it has done in the past, as if it was the representative of the working man (and, occasionally, woman) to the state and the employer. The TUC over the past few years has increasingly cast itself as the spokesman of the government to its members; as a body which can 'deliver' the shopfloor. This Jimmy Hoffa phrase is not without its own significance at a time when skilled toolmakers are threatened with the loss of their union cards and jobs for 'disobedience'.

This latest development, in which Terry Duffy takes on the role of enforcer and company man for British Leyland, is merely symptomatic of the breezy attitude to power which prevails in Congress House and at the top of the AUEW. The union leaders have been unable to improve the real living standards of their members, or even to stop them from declining. They have been unable to make any impression at all on the unemployment figures. They have a depressingly passive attitude towards matters like industrial safety (as recent news stories have shown). Perhaps they should not be grudged those victories over rank and file indiscipline which actually do lie within their grasp.

In the United States, or West Germany or Japan, the surrender of union muscle for a solemn contract is accompanied by some fairly stiff and binding clauses in favour of the boys. In Britain, more especially in a Britain governed by a hard-pressed and centrist Labour Party, these conditions do not seem to apply. Hence the interesting and continuing split between the union leadership and the Labour left – when only a few years ago no *Tribune* platform was complete without the presence of Jack Jones, Hugh Scanlon or Lawrence Daly. Figuratively, that golden age came to an end when Jack Jones stormed the microphones at a *Tribune* rally in 1975. He was incensed that anybody would dare to criticise the unions' role in putting their members second. But in general, the honeymoon was over long before that. It ended when the former firebrands of the Left in the union movement preferred to trade places at the 'top table' and preach belt-tightening and national unity to the membership.

For once, 'image' does not seem to be far from reality. And both of them tell against the prestige and credibility of the union movement. Its attitudes on manning, on work-sharing, on wage-bargaining and on productivity make it an easy target for the Right-wing press and reduce the enthusiasm of its membership. While, when it tries to live up to its bogeyman role, and takes on a bucket-shop employer of the status and magnitude of George Ward, the result is visible humiliation. If Jack Jones had not gone off to run an OAP campaign, it is improbable that opinion polls would still award him the title of the nation's most powerful man.

So Brighton looks like being an inconclusive and melancholy gathering. There is even a proposal, tricked out with all the appearance of an 'overdue rationalisation', to drop the TUC's commitment to public ownership from the 'aims and objects'. The Congress may enjoy debates of this kind, and there will probably be spirited sessions dealing with foreign and defence policy, civil liberty and other areas where it is effectively powerless to intervene. But on the main issues of the moment the familiar impotence will persist. Sixty years ago, Margot Asquith wrote to Jimmy Thomas praising his moderation and assuring him of the good wishes of the King. Her advice to him in 1918 could well be repeated by Callaghan and Healey to Murray and Duffy. 'Be careful of your health' she wrote '*and keep tight hold of your men*'.

Christopher Hitchens

On 11 August an article in the NEW STATESMAN referred to a lawsuit by Mrs Stella Burnett, and said incorrectly that she had been advised by a barrister named 'Stephen Toulmin'. The correct name should have been quoted as John Toulmin. It has been drawn to our attention that this has led to confusion with another barrister altogether, named Stephen Tumim. We wish to make clear that Mr Tumim had no part whatever in advising Mrs Burnett.

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Glamorising the record (see footnote)

Mutilating Russia's photographic history

Christopher Hitchens

The Stalin system in Russia was the first in history to use really large-scale falsification of its own record. Begun as an expedient, and devised for use mainly against Trotsky's Left Opposition, the process began to acquire its own crazed momentum in time with the purges. Heavier cropping of photographs, more ruthless use of the airbrush, became necessary as the climax was reached and the executioners began to execute one another.

There was a problem, though. In order to legitimise itself, the Stalin regime needed the mantle of Lenin. It needed it in order to demonstrate its claim to the succession, and it needed also a semi-mythological cult figure upon which to focus. Hence the disgusting Lenin mausoleum, the rash of busts, photographs, hagiographic children's guides and so forth. Alas, most of the pictures which feature Lenin at historic moments also include the faces of disgraced, murdered and exiled old comrades. These people have been written out of Russian history and are in one sense the spectre which haunts the heirs of Stalin today.

It is, as we say, no accident that so much of the Russian dissident movement is concerned with an attempt to repossess the history of the present century. Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag* project is only the most exhaustive of these – there is also the work of Roy Medvedev on Bukharin and various attempts made by national minorities to defend their own past and thus, indirectly, their own language and culture.

The accompanying photographs show something of the sheer nerve and boldness of the Soviet authorities. Even today, more than twenty years after Kruschev's disclosures about the Stalin period, official texts have obscured the fact that Lenin's entire old guard was obliterated.

Certain figures have still not been rehabilitated, and are sometimes omitted from the record or included in it only with various slanders and lies attached to them. Isaac Deutscher says in the introduction to his great biography of Trotsky that he had to do for his subject what Carlyle did for Cromwell – drag it out from under a great mountain of dead dogs and calumnies.

The other distinguished victim of this process was and is Nikolai Bukharin. The only defendant at the Moscow trials who made any attempt at maintaining his innocence before the end, Bukharin is still not among those whose names have been cleared, Kruschev considered making a posthumous restitution to him, but was dissuaded by the more panicky among the orthodox, who feared that de-Stalinisation could be taken too far.

At this very moment, Russian history is a live issue – and not just among scholars. The whole trajectory of the so-called 'Eurocommunist' movement involves reconsidering its own record at the time and revising contemporary political positions in that light. It is a task which the French Communist Party, for instance, has only just begun, grudgingly, to undertake. Matters are more advanced among the Italians, where it is understood that there can be no 'partial' reconsideration of Stalinism and no selective rehabilitation of his victims. In Russia itself there are signs of rehabilitation, too, but of Stalin himself! Brutish and philistine commentaries are appearing from official sources, which make ever more fulsome remarks about his role as a great wartime leader. This alone would make the debate

Above: The storming of the Winter Palace, according to the official 1977 commemorative volume (*Lenin, Party, October*). In fact a still from a 1919 street theatre directed by Evreinov and designed by Annenkov.

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(Top) See front cover. Lenin and Gorky only remain at the Second Congress of the Comintern at the Uritsky Palace in 1920. From left to right, Radek (smoking), Bukharin (next but one) and Zinoviev (next to Gorky) have disappeared. Connoisseurs may notice M. N. Roy in the centre, standing next to Lenin's sister. The cover picture is the official study of Lenin and Gorky.

(Bottom) The case of Trotsky's elbow. The picture on the right shows an informal gathering during the commemoration of the Revolution's third anniversary. The bearded figure on Lenin's right is Kamenov, later executed by Stalin. The orthodox and attenuated version appears in the official 1970 volume published by the Institute of Marxism-Leninism under the direction of the Central Committee of the CPSU.

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The inset shows the only official picture of Stalin, Lenin and Kalinin (an inveterate survivor, his resemblance to Trotsky notwithstanding). Later eliminated were Tomsky (behind Stalin), Lashevich (at right of group) and Smilga (in front of Lenin). The date is 1919, the occasion the Bolshevik's 8th Congress.

an urgent and topical one.

Of course, in one sense the business of lying about history is not new. Nero and Caligula knew how to discredit or eliminate rivals in this way, and there is a moment in *Washington Behind Closed Doors* where two of 'Nixon's' accomplices discuss the removal of Roman Emperors' names from their tombs. But modern despotism has to deal with technology, and in particular with photographic evidence. And in the end, though the camera is a skilful liar, it can also tell inconvenient truths. Winston Smith really did hold that tell-tale picture in his hands for a few seconds. And as Orwell prophesied in another context, in a generation or so it might be as dangerous to praise Stalin as it then was to criticise him. But it is not progress to teach a parrot a new word.

For information (since many of these leading figures have also been obscured or omitted by British and American encyclopaedias and dictionaries), here are details on the lives of the main participants.

Karl Radek, active in the German Revolution of 1919 and imprisoned for his part in it, became a member of the Praesidium of the Communist International. He was expelled from the party in 1927, as a scapegoat for the defeat of the German labour movement, and his star did not prosper with the subsequent rise of Hitler. At his trial in 1937 he was sentenced to ten years imprisonment, (but released after four).

Alexei Rykov was twice imprisoned by the Tsarist régime and many times deported. An active leader of the 1917 revolution, he became chairman of the Council of People's Commissars in 1924. In the early stages of their dispute, he supported Stalin against Trotsky and suppressed his misgivings about Stalin's ambition. When he changed sides, he did so fully, and paid the full price. Expelled from the Bolshevik Party in 1937, he was executed for treason with Bukharin in 1938.

Leo Kamenev joined the Bolsheviks in 1903 and served time in Siberia under the Tsars. As a leading figure in the Petrograd Soviet he incurred the disapproval of the hard-liners by advocating a coalition of all socialist forces in Russia during the revolutionary period. In 1926 he identified himself with the anti-Stalin opposition, and was expelled from the party in the following year. Readmitted, and expelled again in 1932, he was executed by Stalin in 1936.

Gregory Zinoviev was a founder of the Communist International, after a long clandestine revolutionary career which included a spell as editor of the underground version of *Pravda*. As an opponent of Stalin's rise to total power, he was expelled from the Political Bureau of the Party in 1926, and from the party itself in 1927. In the dreaded year of 1936, he too was executed for a host of imaginary crimes. As Bukharin was to put it later on at his own trial, 'the self-incrimination of the accused is a medieval principle of jurisprudence'.

The cases of Trotsky and Bukharin are better known. With Trotsky especially, the bureaucrats waver between the course of not mentioning him at all, and the course of demonising him as a treacherous Jewish saboteur and werewolf. This has led to some heartening fiascos in the falsification office, one of which we reproduce here. Numbed by his task of cutting out the less exalted figures, some *dumkopf* has left in the master-conspirator himself. It is encouraging to think of the number of people who must know that their job consists of lies and deceptions; encouraging too, to reflect upon the fact that almost nothing in Soviet Russia is ever thrown away (because it might come in handy for a trial some day). A time may come when the whole story can be told. In the meantime, to quote Orwell finally, it is a full-time job keeping the past up to date.

All of these faked photographs are taken from extant Russian records.

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(Top) The Bolshevik Central Committee in 1921. Since Lenin was the only one to die in his bed, he is here blown up and abstracted from all his indentifiable comrades. Below and left, Kamenev is cropped out once again by the Institute of Marxism-Leninism.

(Bottom) At last a blunder. In their haste to cut out Rykov and Kamenev (standing at rear), the goons leave a bad likeness of Trotsky (profile, right). A Kremlin meeting in October 1922 is thus his only official appearance in Soviet history. The Institute again.

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Peter Pringle: Will Carter rescue a dictatorship?

Extracting huge sums of money by ransom from the corrupt régime of General Anastasio Somaza of Nicaragua, as a handful of his opponents did last week, is something that many of the 2.2 million citizens of that tiny Central American republic feel to be a national duty. Since the Somoza family begun its dynastic rule 45 years ago its leaders have run Nicaragua like their own corporation, owning controlling shares in every branch of business. The general himself is given to referring to cabinet discussion of his grossly misnamed ruling Liberal Party as 'board meetings'. So, except for a handful of wealthy bandits who themselves have benefited from the general's entrepreneurial gifts, Nicaraguans have watched the Somoza fortune grow with increasing hatred.

So far, however, only the general's most defiant enemies, the guerillas of the Sandinista National Liberation Front (FSLN) have managed to persuade the dictatorship to part with some of its loot. Last week's pay-off of $250,000 in exchange for hundreds of pro-Somoza hostages held by the guerillas inside the Nicaraguan national palace was a sequel to a one million dollar ransom the régime had paid to the FSLN for releasing guests from a pro-Somoza Christmas party in 1974. Not bad for an organisation which, as the general emphasised to me in an interview six months ago, is of no consequence to the future of Nicaragua. The evidence points to something different and has done for some time.

The Sandinistas take their name from General Augusto Cesar Sandino, a Nicaraguan nationalist leader who was the principal foe of the founder of the Somoza dynasty, the general's father, in the early 30s. Sandino was murdered, on the father's orders in 1933. 16 years ago a revolutionary movement emerged in Nicaragua, as others were doing elsewhere in Latin America, and took Sandino's name. Their leaders espoused Marx and Lenin and went to Cuba for training. They engaged in a bitter struggle with Somoza's National Guard, a 7,500 strong personal army whose officers have been trained in the United States and the Panama Canal Zone.

The general's answer to their sporadic attacks was a counterinsurgency operation (aided by American advisers) on the FSLN jungle hideouts. In 1976 the leaders of the group – known as *El Frente* (The Front) – were killed in combat and they became split internally. *El Frente*'s Marxism has scared off some of their popular support. At the same time Havana was de-emphasising its role of exporting revolution, so *El Frente* funds were drying up. The internal debate resulted in an ideological split. One group, keeping the name of the FSLN, opted for a coalition with non-Marxist opponents of the régime and a commitment to replacing it with a capitalist democracy. The other group continued the struggle for socialism. (According to reports from Managua the group which took over the Palace called themselves *El Frente*).

A large number of children of Nicaragua's rich joined *El Frente* – including sons and nephews of Somoza's officials. They have used neighbouring Honduras and Costa Rica as bases for their military operations and developed cadres in towns in Nicaragua itself. Recently a group of twelve prominent non-Marxist Nicaraguans, including a supermarket millionaire, a conservative lawyer and a priest, flew into voluntary exile in Costa Rica in a gesture of protest against Somoza. There they became active supporters of *El Frente*. They have since returned to Nicaragua and their gesture was so popular that Somoza, who had threatened to fling them into jail if they ever set foot on Nicaraguan soil again, was forced to let them go free. One of them, Emilio Baltadano Pallais, a 62-year-old businessman who owns Nicaragua's instant coffee plant has a son, Alvaro, who is fighting with *El Frente*.

When I saw him in exile in Costa Rica he told me he had left his comfortable life in Nicaragua because he could no longer accommodate the corruption and immorality of the Somoza régime. 'I am a Catholic, not a Communist,' he said. 'I want social justice and democracy in Nicaragua and my son's aims are the same.'

El Frente's successful ransom operations – which included the release last week of 83 political prisoners to swell their ranks – is very small beer compared with the general's personal fortune valued at upwards of £500 million. (When I asked him how rich he was he simply shook his head and said he had no idea). His interests include the national airline (Lanica), its shipping line (Mamenic), 20 to 30 per cent of the arable land (producing cotton, coffee and beef), a newspaper and a television station, car distribution firms and a port facility, called, of course, Puerto Somoza.

Until an earthquake virtually destroyed Managua in December 1972 – when some 10,000 people lost their lives, another 20,000 were injured and 250,000 left homeless – the Somozas had not become involved in either banking or construction, but immediately after the earthquake they flourished in both areas. The general's Banco de Centroamerica, founded just before the earthquake, channelled much of the foreign aid which flowed in for reconstruction; and his building companies received most of the government contracts.

But if he was personally greedy – at the expense of the well-being of Nicaragua's economy – he did not forget some of his friends who were allowed to run amok with the inflated land prices of the new Managua. Take the case of Colonel Raphael Adonis Porras Largaespada, a military aide-de-camp to the general. According to documents in the Managua Public Registry (unearthed by Alan Riding of the *New York Times*) the colonel paid $71,428 for a piece of land on 4 June 1975 (two and a half years after the earthquake) and sold it to the government for $3,342,000 on 24 September of the same year. In the wake of the earthquake Somoza was riding high and, despite growing discontent it seemed quite feasible that he would see out his current term to the end of 1980.

After all, his benefactor, Uncle Sam, who had left about one million dollars worth of small arms in Nicaragua from the abortive Bay of Pigs invasion (which was launched from Somoza's land), continued to supply the National Guard with enough weaponry to keep the guerrillas at bay – and Somoza himself with enough nods of diplomatic approval to ensure longevity. True, he has been obsessed by the idea of being assassinated: he never goes anywhere without 30 or 40 bodyguards, he gives public speeches from a bullet-proof box known as *la pescera*, the fishtank, and he never eats anything not prepared and tested by his personal cook.

But last January the Somoza dynasty reached, as the general himself put it, a 'countdown situation'. His *numero uno* political opponent, Pedro Joaquin Chamorro, respected editor of the opposition newspaper, *La Prensa*, was crudely assassinated with a shotgun blast from a passing car as he was driving to work.

The immediate assumption was that the general had ordered the killing. If not – and that was possible for Chamorro had many enemies – then, said public opinion, the all-powerful Somoza must at least have known of the plot in advance and done nothing to stop it. If that is true it was an error which will cost him his dictatorship, if not his life. Chamorro was the living symbol of the opposition and *La Prensa* its mouthpiece. Since Chamorro's death the country has been in chaos. Strikes demanding the general's removal from office have been organised throughout the country by a united coalition of workers and employers.

In the first wave of strikes after Chamorro's death several firms agreed to put workers on half pay for the duration of the strike. In return, workers agreed to mount guard on factory installations to prevent vandalism. More strikes have followed *El Frente*'s attack on the National Palace and so long as the general is in power these will continue, as will attacks from *El Frente*.

The general and his dynasty are doomed; there can be no question about that. But when and how will President Carter begin to deal realistically with the general's demise? A few months ago Somoza offered an amnesty to some prisoners, said exiles could return and invited the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights to visit Nicaragua to check out an Amnesty report which had detailed torture and mass disappearances. Carter sent the general a private letter congratulating him on promising to improve human rights – much to the dismay of liberals in the State Department who felt the letter was premature. Not only was it premature but it seemed to presume that Somoza has the intention of changing his spots. No such luck.

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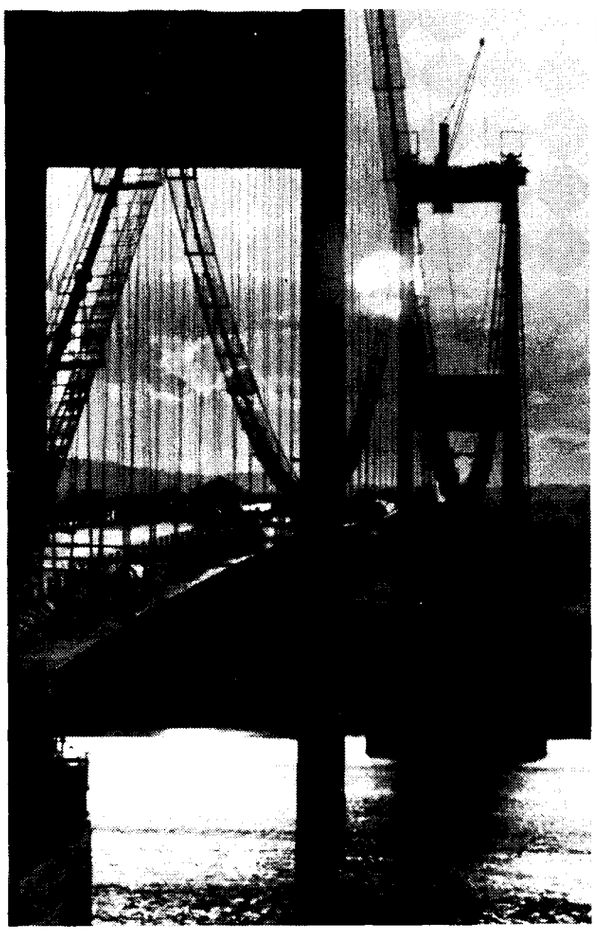
Bob Day's tax bill is big enough to cover Britain's road-building programme.



As the Cost Accountant at Imperial Tobacco, Bob Day (amongst others) has the responsibility of making sure that the company is paying the right amount of Tobacco Duty to the Government.

And as tax contributions go, this one is pretty substantial.

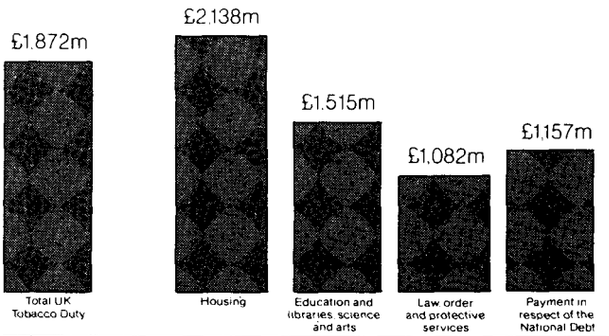
"The point is that we don't just pay Corporation Tax through our parent company; with Tobacco Duty, we're acting as unpaid tax *collectors* on a massive scale. In fact, until the rules were changed at the beginning of 1978, we had to bear the financing cost of about £125 million that had been paid in duty for some weeks before we could recover it.

"But the thing that surprises most people is the sheer size of the sums involved. In our last financial year to October 31st, 1977, for example, we handed over more than £1,250 *million* in Tobacco Duty—which was a good deal more than the £825 million spent on motorways, trunk roads and local roads in the 1976/77 tax year.

"If one looks at the contribution by the tobacco industry as a whole in that tax year, it came to £1,872 million; nearly enough to pay for Government expenditure on housing (£2,138 million), more than enough to cover education (£1,515 million), the "law and order" services (£1,082 million) or even interest payments on the National Debt (£1,157 million).

"All this tax, of course, comes out of the pockets of our customers. But it does show what can be done when you make a product that people want, and that Chancellors can tax."

There's more to Imperial Tobacco than Tobacco Duty, of course. It's the major British-owned tobacco company in the UK market, a substantial creator of wealth, and an employer of over 20,000 people in the UK alone.



Income from Tobacco Duty, and how it compared with some major Government expenditures in the tax year 1976/77.

Imperial Tobacco: people at work

Imperial Tobacco Limited—a member of Imperial Group Limited

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Francis Wheen: Homosexuals unite against Anglo-Saxon attitudes

The Labour Campaign for Gay Rights (LCGR), the Tory group GayCon and the Liberals' Gay Rights Policy Panel are planning a joint initiative in the next few weeks under the auspices of Gay Lobby, the political wing of the Campaign for Homosexual Equality. The government's suggestion of a Minister for Marriage is but a harbinger of even dafter proposals which can be expected from both major parties before the next election, and as the parties battle with increasing ferocity over which is more dedicated to The Family, gay pressure groups within the parties are working together more closely than ever. Their natural fear is that the 'unwholesome' issue of homosexual law reform will have no place in a campaign devoted to God, mom and apple pie.

Liberal involvement in the project seems to have waned in recent weeks but the party's overall commitment to the gay cause remains strong: in conjunction with its forthcoming manifesto the Liberal Party intends to produce a dozen 'mini-manifestos' on specific subjects – such as women, trade unions and small businesses – and one of these will be exclusively devoted to gay rights.

The Liberals are fortunate in having a largely sympathetic party. Although the Labour group is supported by a number of backbench stalwarts (including Maureen Colquhoun, Robin Cook, Jo Richardson and Sidney Bidwell) the government benches still accommodate a depressingly high number of queer-bashers. The LCGR has also faced surprising opposition from the neo-Trotskyist *Militant* group, which controls the Labour Party Young Socialists and a few constituency parties. *Militant* figurehead Andy Bevan, the Labour Party's Youth Officer, denies any Puritan streak; yet when the gay magazine *Q International* asked to interview him he declined, saying that he didn't believe *Q* circulated in many working-class homes and that the magazine was a decadent impediment to the fight for socialism (a disturbingly close echo of the Soviet Union's attitude that homosexuality is merely the product of capitalist degeneracy). Moreover Bevan disapproves of gays having equal treatment on housing waiting lists since 'heterosexuals have children and homosexuals don't.' This will come as something of a surprise to lesbian mothers.

Gay Conservatives face an even harder task in educating their party. There have been local successes – as when the Tory-controlled Brighton Council recently voted to allow the Campaign for Homosexual Equality to hold its next conference there – but it is still an uphill struggle. At its conference eighteen months ago the Federation of Conservative Students declared that 'freedom includes the right freely to express sexual preference' and agreed to establish a committee which would suggest reforms of homosexual law 'to promote the sovereignty of the individual'; yet the committee has still not been formed, not least because of heavy pressure on FCS from Central Office not to step out of line – Mrs Thatcher is known to oppose homosexual law reform. GayCon recently wrote to all Tory MPs asking for their views on gay rights; of the 180 who bothered to reply only half expressed any sympathy, while the other responses ranged from the incomprehensible to the unprintable. One Tory backwoodsman, Reginald Bennett, was responsible for blocking Robin Cook's recent private member's bill which would have extended the 1967 Sexual Offences Act to cover Scotland.

The Sexual Offences Act thus remains intact: it is still an offence for a man to commit a homosexual act in Scotland, Northern Ireland (after a series of delays by Roy Mason in the face of Ian Paisley's virulent Save Ulster from Sodomy campaign), the Channel Isles, the Isle of Man, the armed services and the merchant navy; the homosexual age of consent is still 21 compared with 16 for heterosexuals. The different age of consent is a logical absurdity: by legalising homosexual acts over a certain age Parliament has accepted the principle that there is nothing intrinsically wrong or 'sick' about homosexuality; yet by setting this age five years higher than the heterosexual age of consent it has simultaneously accepted the principle that gays *are* somehow more dangerous than heterosexuals, thus producing an attempt at compromise which satisfies nobody except a few of the dimmer-witted MPs.

The Act's opponents do not, of course, all give the same reasons for their discontent: while CHE and the Gay Liberation Front have been fighting for reform of the law, certain judges, peers and MPs have been attacking it with equal spirit from the other side. Mr Justice Melford Stevenson recently earned himself a firm reprimand from the Lord Chancellor for his comment, during the case of a man accused of homosexual offences, that 'some years ago Parliament committed itself to pass a Buggers' Charter which enabled perverts and homosexuals to pursue their perversions'.

THE REAL REASON WE DON'T STOCK GAY NEWS IS- IT JUST ISN'T DIRTY ENOUGH
PENTHOUSE
PLAY BOY
NEWS OF THE WORLD
W.H. SMITH
Robin Wheen

The much-publicised activities of the Paedophile Information Exchange have fuelled the fire of Melford Stevenson and other 'homophobes' (Angus Wilson's word for pathological queer-haters). Although gay organisations have denounced PIE, the homophobes have nevertheless contrived to tar all homosexuals with the paedophile brush. The conviction that homosexuals are all latent or patent child-molesters is widely held. The first action of a selection committee which met recently to choose a new deputy head teacher for a Kent primary school was to eliminate all male applicants who were unmarried (spinsterhood, however, is apparently acceptable): 'Well,' I was told by one member, 'You can't take chances, can you?' The same committee had no such qualms about appointing a heterosexual man, even though the school has as many girls as boys. W. H. Smith used the same tactic of trial by implication when it attempted to justify its refusal to sell *Gay News* by saying that the paper had carried articles on paedophilia. True, but what Smith's neglected to mention was that all the articles had been unequivocally hostile to PIE and that on the basis of Smith's reasons *Gay News* was thus no guiltier than the *Daily Telegraph*, which printed a number of long features about PIE last summer.

Such entrenched prejudices, dressed up in a spurious respectability, are hard to combat. But most gays feel that the public's attitude towards homosexuals is changing, albeit hesitantly; and the gay rights campaign's biggest boost came early this year when Tom Robinson's challenging song 'Glad To Be Gay' (which headed Capital Radio's Hitline for over a month) brought the facts of discrimination to millions of people whose previous views on homosexuals had been shaped by reading garish exposés of 'child sex perverts' in the *News of the World*.

Senior government officials too are beginning to recognise the failings of the 1967 Act. Writing in last month's issue of the *Criminal Law Review* Roy Walmsley of the Home Office Research Unit suggested that by introducing summary trial for the offence of 'indecency between males' the Act itself is responsible for the increase in such convictions from 840 in 1967 to an annual average of 1660 for the four years 1973-76: 'Offenders can be apprehended one afternoon, be brought before the magistrate's court the following morning, plead guilty, be fined and leave the court very much in the way in which drunks are handled by police and courts – it being unnecessary for the police to produce members of the public who were offended.'

CHE have produced a draft Sexual Offences Bill to replace the present Act, and gay groups within all parties are using the Bill as the basis for their campaign. Any attempt by a private member to introduce it would inevitably fail; what is now needed is a government which is prepared to take upon itself the responsibility of reforming the law.

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Laurie Flynn

Hiding the history of the Hunger Marchers

Last week it emerged that the Metropolitan Police (MEPO) had persuaded the Lord Chancellor to withdraw 48 files, many on the 1930's Hunger Marches, from public scrutiny. It is claimed that these files – some of which have been on view for eleven years – name the odd security source and contain Criminal Record Office and Special Branch information about people still living, who might sue for defamation of character. My own reading of two of the withdrawn files, numbers 3064 and 3097, suggest there may be other reasons for their disappearance.

File MEPO 2 3064 on the 1932 Hunger March, for instance, contains a good deal of delicate information. It shows how, by the circulation of wild gossip and fantastic rumours, tension was deliberately built up in police ranks for some time prior to the arrival of the demonstration in London. So when the marchers arrived in Hyde Park the police behaviour provoked the violence they were expecting. The file also shows the absurd 'thoroughness' of police contingency planning – an emergency link with the army, and inquiries into whether London dockers or Thames tides favoured a seaborne invasion of Parliament to coincide with the end of the march.

File 3064 does, it is true, contain information, mostly inaccurate, about someone who is still alive, namely Will Paynter, former general secretary of the National Union of Mineworkers. Last week Mr Paynter rightly described this material, which portrays him as a desperate lawless agitator, as 'malicious fabrication'.

But there is something else concerning Will Paynter in this file which senior policemen must be anxious to hide. It is evidence of a police attempt to frame him – an attempt that was initiated at the highest level.

The evidence comes at the end of a report from a Superintendent Manning concerning a van load of weapons which belonged to the South Wales contingent. Will Paynter – whose character had been suitably vilified earlier in the reports – was one of the leaders of this contingent. The load of weapons incidentally was largely composed of 60 walking sticks which the police themselves had taken from the marchers and put on the van.

Pencilled in below Manning's report is a note from the Assistant Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police. It reads as follows: 'Please get somebody good on to this at once. If possible connect P with this van.' P was Paynter.

File MEPO 2 3097 on the Jarrow March, now closed until the year 2011 thanks to Labour Lord Chancellor Elwyn Jones' endorsement of the police request, discloses only one security source: the Ministry of Labour in Jarrow was most obliging with background information on the marchers and their plans. Perhaps the police are genuinely anxious to hide this fact. Or maybe they want to hide this fact that the studiously non-political Jarrow March, was infiltrated by Special Branch agents just like the other more militant protests against unemployment.

Closing the files ensures that unique information about the event which constitutes our single most important image of the 1930s is cynically locked away.

The closed Jarrow file shows for instance what film the marchers were taken to see for relaxation after their arrival in London. Appropriately enough for people complaining of empty bellies and lack of jobs, they got free tickets for 'The Call of the Flesh' at a cinema in the Strand.

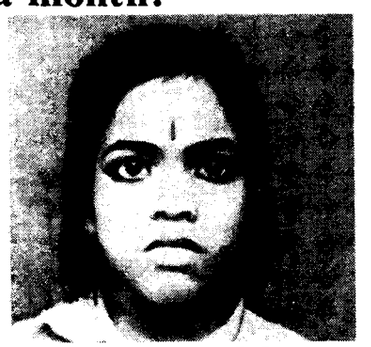
The Speaker of the House of Commons had other treats in store. 'Major Hughes,' the file records, 'takes the view that since the marchers show every sign of being orderly, it (giving them tea at the House) would be a good way of encouraging and placating them'. The Special Branch agent on the march was, so far as I am aware, the only person to record how the marchers felt when they found out that the government had nothing to say to them other than 'Have a cup of tea'.

Marchers were very angry when they found out they 'had drawn a blank' from the government. Tempers rose further, when marchers discovered that their leaders had presented their petition while the bulk of marchers were on a trip to Tower Bridge. This decision, doubtless taken with a view to avoiding disturbances inside the Mother

Won't you be my Postal Parent

for £4.33 a month?

Credo Ciza. Age 7. Africa



Girija Kumari. Age 7. India

Clotilde Bucumi. Age 6. Africa

Magoyintore. Age 8. Africa

So poor are Credo's family that, in spite of his midday meal at school, Credo suffers from malnutrition. Clotilde, although keen to be at school, is late most mornings because she doesn't have enough warm clothes to protect her from the cold morning temperatures. Girija, one of six children, receives neither proper food nor clothing. Without sponsorship she won't even be able to stay at school. Magoyintore likes drawing, music and arithmetic and enjoys school. But without sponsorship, his education will very soon come to an end.

Without funds these children face a bleak future. Yet you can give them a chance. As a "Postal Parent" giving £4.33 a month you could enable us to provide a well-balanced diet, clothing and a practical training. And you could follow "your" child's progress through letters and news.

Write today to learn how EVERY SINGLE PENNY OF YOUR DONATION goes overseas to help a needy child.

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To: AID Dept. 02515, c/o Midland Bank Ltd, PO Box 1EG, 52 Oxford Street, London W1A 1EG.
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I wish to befriend a needy child now and request photo, forms and information ☐
I enclose £4.33 as my first month's help ☐
Please send general details of the scheme ☐
I cannot sponsor a child at present but enclose gift of
£1 ☐ £3.50 ☐ £6 ☐ £15 ☐ £50 ☐
Please tick for receipt ☐
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of Parliaments, cheated the marchers of 'the crowning feature of their march.'

The result has been left out of of the history books: the much-patronised 'humble' marchers of Jarrow very nearly staged 'a stay in strike . . . at the House of Commons until they were given another hearing.' But, the agent concludes, 'on receiving further advice, they were prevailed on not to create a scene and eventually returned to their billets.'

It's not just Hunger March files that the Metropolitan Police have withdrawn from availability in the Public Records Office. Scotland Yard admits that following a review initiated by the Commissioner, 'approximately 48 files' have been closed.

The Yard adamantly refuses to list numbers and titles for fear of drawing attention to the files. And the Lord Chancellor's Office has not yet made up its mind whether it will release the details.

The Public Record Office is also bound to silence but I have been able to establish that the following files are among the 48 closed.

● Two files on fascism in Britain between the wars. The first – file 2827 – deals with police reactions in a case of a fascist defacing a wall. The second – file 4319 – looks particularly interesting since it concerns police attitudes to giving evidence about 'happenings' at fascist meetings. The evidence being sought related to private prosecutions of the Mosleyites, brought by individuals because the police themselves declined to do so.

● File 3057 about International Labour Defence meetings at Hyde Park and Tower Hill.

● File 1709 on strikes in 1916 and 1917 where pickets were 'impeding work necessary for the successful prosecution of the war'.

● File 1708 concerning a gross indecency case in Hyde Park.

● File 4851 (and others) concerning the restoration of driving licences to people banned for long periods or for life.

● File 4565 concerning new (in the thirties) sessional and juvenile courts at Wealdstone.

● File 3102 has also been hastily withdrawn. This concerns proceedings under the Foreign Enlistment Act against International Brigade volunteers in the Spanish Civil War. Scotland Yard are not prepared to make any comment on this withdrawal.

Michael Adams: Building on graves – the insecurity of Israel's foundations

If the Camp David peace talks fail, it will be chiefly because of continued Israeli settlement on Arab land, a policy hotly opposed by many Israelis. Ten years ago I wrote an article about the three Palestinian villages in the 'Latrun salient' – Imwas, Yalu and Beit Nuba – which the Israelis had systematically destroyed shortly after they had captured them in the Six Day War. Because the facts seemed so outrageous and yet had until then gone unreported, I had some difficulty in finding an editor who would print the article; when it finally appeared in the *Sunday Times*, it provoked a lively controversy.

The controversy died when it became known that a circumstantial account of the atrocity had already been widely circulated in Israel. This account, which I did not see until after my own article had been published, was a very moving document. Its author was the distinguished Israeli journalist Amos Keinan, who happened to have been a member of the Israeli unit which was given the task of driving the Palestinian villagers out of their homes while the bulldozers tore down their houses and uprooted the fruit trees which surrounded them.

Keinan wrote in much stronger terms than I had done about 'this idiotic concept of collective punishment', about the terrified column of refugees which included 'old people who could hardly walk, murmuring old women, mothers carrying babies, small children' who were driven into the hills and denied even the right to salvage some of their belongings before they went. 'None of us', he wrote, 'understood how Jews could behave like this' and he concluded his report by saying that 'The children who went crying on the road will be *fedayin* (guerrillas) in nineteen years, in the next round'.

Amos Keinan's account of these events was circulated at the time to members of the Knesset in Jerusalem and it is fair to assume that its contents must have become very widely known in Israel. So it was interesting for me to return this summer to the Latrun salient and to talk to some of the Israelis who have installed themselves in place of the Palestinians they drove out more than ten years ago. I had been back many times during those ten years to see what the Israelis would do with lands so dubiously acquired. I had seen them cultivating the fields of the villagers they had expelled and noted how they had tried to eliminate every trace of previous habitation, carting away the rubble of the houses they had bulldozed and planting oleander bushes to disguise the fact that here had once been Palestinian gardens and farmyards.

I went first to the Israeli settlement of Meve Horon, which was installed some seven years ago and whose settlers now farm the land of all three of the destroyed villages. There was no reluctance to talk to me and a young American-born Israeli woman was especially communicative. It was a good life, she said, as her children scuffled about our feet outside the settlement's general store. It was excellent farmland and the settlers were now going in for cotton, which gave a good return, as well as the vegetables they grew in the valley below. They had friendly relations with the local Arabs, she remarked to my surprise, and I asked what local Arabs? Oh, she replied, the people from the villages over there – pointing towards the hills around Ramallah, in the heart of the occupied West Bank.

I said I had an idea that there had been other Arab villages near to where we were standing: did she know anything about what had happened to them? Yes, she said, after a moment's hesitation. There had been one other village nearby, but in 1967 it had been full of terrorists – 'they were *all* terrorists', she explained emphatically – so it had had to go. She did not know what had become of the villagers.

That interview gave me a lot to think about. What do the Zionists tell new settlers when they come, as this nice young American woman had come, from their comfortable homes in the United States – or from Britain or Argentina or the Soviet Union – to 'redeem the promised land'? Is there an authorised version of the way the particular bit of land where they are to settle came into Israeli hands? Clearly the woman I spoke to had not been shown Amos Keinan's account of how the three villages had been destroyed to make way for the settlement of Meve Horon – or else she was a much more cynical actress than I could credit her with being. But who had told her that before 1967 there had been one village, not three, in the area about her new home, and that its inhabitants had been 'all terrorists' and not the 'murmuring old women, mothers carrying babies, small children' whom Amos Keinan had seen being driven off into the hills? Had she asked what had happened before she and the other settlers of Meve Horon came to live in this particular corner of Palestine, or Eretz Israel as they would call it? And if so, who had told them lies, and why?

To all Israelis who stop to ask themselves these questions, the answers must be the stuff of which nightmares are made. It was an Israeli friend of mine who wrote that if he wanted to live in peace and not to have to take up his rifle every ten years, 'I must be very careful not to build my house on another man's grave'. What happened at Imwas and Yalu and Beit Nuba in 1967 was wrong and should not have gone unchecked. But it was only an extreme instance of a process which has been going on ever since 1948: the process by which the Palestinian Arabs have been dispossesed of their land and of their livelihood to make way for Jewish settlers. Since 1948, in Israel itself (excluding the occupied territories), 385 Arab villages have been destroyed. In the occupied territories, since 1967, 92 Jewish settlements have been established on Arab land. The fact is that the whole collective house of Israel has been built – and is still being built – over the ruins of Arab Palestine.

That is why, after thirty years, its foundations remain fundamentally insecure.

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Scottish Diary

☐ The day I arrived in Festival Edinburgh there were 53 arrests: not, as one might reasonably anticipate, local ratepayers with fingers round the throats of the departing Peter Diamand and his overpaid band of international warblers: just another Scottish Saturday with the youth of the town engaged in the old folk-art of hitting people.

Forged in the Hammer McNee tradition of retribution most Scots quite understandably believe that such reprobates when apprehended are best chained to the nearest wet wall for an uncomfortably long time. And the municipal worthies are pomping on yet again about making football grounds a fit place for all the family. My own view is that anyone daft enough to take the wife and kids to a Scottish football match deserves to be hit by a bottle.

Having misspent much of my early life on the terracings of Ibrox and Parkhead I concluded long ago that football violence is as Scottish as battered neeps. Indeed Scotland was its birthplace: perhaps our only successful cultural export. Now practised throughout the entire uncivilised world. Inevitably the purity of the form is corrupted in transmission. The cockneys, for instance, once had imaginative blood sports like dwarves against bulldogs but are now reduced to tormenting nuns on trains.

But London thugs serving their apprenticeship taunting blacks or breaking up the Shaw Theatre should be warned that if they try nun-baiting up north they will incur the wrath of the supporters of Glasgow Celtic and that invites an order of savagery quite out of their league.

☐ The Orange end of the football spectrum is the property of Glasgow Rangers who were last week exposed again as the club who have not only never signed a Catholic but actually shy off players who court or marry them. Catholics are not even allowed on the groundstaff to hose down the appalling toilets. Rangers have the largest following in Scotland.

Now it's no concern of mine what consenting oafs who play, manage or simply spectate do to one another in the squalor of their own stadia. What was interesting, however, was that the exposé came, not in the Scottish newspapers, but from Rev. David Graham in *Bush*, magazine of Glasgow Presbytry. This will not surprise those who know that Scottish sports reporters can sometimes seem as unhinged as their presumed readership and are dismissed even by fellow hacks in the south as 'fans with typewriters'.

Could it be this native populist flair which encourages the proprietor of America's outrageous *National Inquirer* ('I cut out her heart and stomped on it') to staff up with imported Scots?

☐ A couple of weeks ago while browsing through the *Inquirer* in a motel in New Mexico (where, incidentally, the tribal chief of the Navajo is a Mr Peter McDonald) I tuned in to 'Fernwood Nite' – a parody of the chat show which should cause Harty/Parky to buy up the British rights and bury it before it subverts the whole genre. It is one of the pleasures of American television producer Norman Lear, the buccanneering independent operator who in the last eight years has challenged the networks and toppled a whole range of bible belt taboos with 1,600 unorthodox, funny and often very popular sit-coms.

We invited him to our television subsection of Edinburgh's festivities, this week, as our guest speaker to hear how he does it. A lot of people in television (and I hope outside) can't take much more of the tepid, polluted stream of feeble comedy series replete with funny coons, big-titted strumpets, thick Irishmen, greedy Jews and mincing poofters. Howard Schuman of Rock Follies fame (an American, and glad to be gay) wrote and taped a send up of British television's obsession with comic stereotypes starring Eleanor Bron and Richard Beckinsale. But have no fear Mary it is not likely to go out on British television. And consider yourself lucky that British comedy has not followed Norman Lear into the 1970's or you might have to employ extra staff to frighten the brass of BBC and ITV off the following list of subjects which Lear says he and his mass audience found relevant, touching, and sometimes painfully funny: death, infidelity, race, abortion, homosexuality, alcoholism, drug abuse, menopause and illness from cancer to epilepsy. My favourite was the guest on the Fernwood talk show playing the grand piano in an iron lung.

☐ One snag with journalism is that you need a few million pounds to start your own daily paper, so if you don't have such sums about your person you normally end up working for the rather unpleasant people who do.

Television is altogether more democratic and much more fun. Periodically, the 15 regional franchises are put up for grabs by the IBA and the next big bun fight is not far off. It is likely to be in public and should add greatly to the gaiety of the nation. And there is no compelling reason why you shouldn't join in. Simply get yourself a rich mix of regional interests, spice it with a handful of distinguished programme makers. Pop a couple of politicians and a life peer on top and submit your programme menu to the IBA explaining how exciting yet wholesome it will be. The obligatory merchant bankers should be the least of your problems since the return on capital invested in ITV is rivalled only by the hot dog stalls at Piccadilly Circus.

Already excitement is mounting and at Edinburgh I was pestered by hacks asking about a consortium I am alleged to be assembling to challenge STV. My partner in this is said to be a gentleman I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting called Jimmy Gordon, who at present presides over Radio Clyde. Instincts whetted I went, as ever, in search of the truth. Alas all I got was a whisper that Alastair Hetherington might lean across from BBC Scotland and snatch his rival's contract. This is a totally unsubstantiated rumour but I feel free to spread it.

The only illumination I can offer came some months ago in a darkened club in Manchester when I was approached by a freelance director who swore me to secrecy, accepted a drink and asked if I wished to join a mystery consortium to bid for STV. No thanks, I said, and he left without buying his round. Not much chance of him getting it, but then he was English.

☐ But before you all go bothering Sir Brian Young and the IBA, I suggest you read the report on labour relations in ITV, commissioned for debate at the television festival and published in last week's NEW STATESMAN.

The television union ACTT, unlike the print, organises most of ITV from the bottom almost to the top of the programming making grades. It's intimate, ultra democratic, and often engagingly chaotic. The debate this Thursday is billed as the War of the Brothers and it should be good value. Many of our engineers earn five figure salaries, often more than the producers and directors, some of whom are extremely articulate radicals but goaded to fury at times by demarcation and overmanning. But I suspect they will meet their match in the shop steward from London Weekend, Gavin Waddell, a highly trained engineer whose potted biography says: 'Hobbies: space exploration. Politics: believes passionately that the only real hope for the British working class is the early return of Conservative Government.'

Gus MacDonald

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ I spend quite a lot of time arguing with the Social Security people about my pension. They ask such ridiculous questions like, where's your birth certificate? I've no idea, I say, rather snobbishly, you've only got to look in the Peerage and you'll find out what you want to know. They've no idea what I'm talking about. – *Lady Diana Cooper in Sunday Times* (J. Apperley)

☐ The Conservative Party must propound the justification for inequality and make it clear that inequality is only tolerable if it is accompanied by a sense of fairness. – *Peter Walker in Guardian* (G. A. Robinson)

☐ After touring the constituency last week, Mrs Thatcher said: 'I've seen a lot of it, and I don't like a lot of it. But you've got to admit, it's not all bad.' – *Observer* (John Proudfoot)

This Vatican

☐ The cardinals now engrossed in their pre-conclave manoeuvres here are being allowed no doubt of the urgent need to show that the archaic system of choosing a Pope is capable of meeting the modern world's requirements. All sides appear agreed on this. In a statement the conservative Cardinal Siri said that awaiting the guidance of the Holy Spirit was not enough, because it might result in impulsive action. – *The Times* (Paul Crompton)

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First Person

Arthur Marshall

But This is Monstrous!

Soft-hearted as I am (a further sign, if any was required, of my general feebleness and ineptitude), I have always been distressed in life by any kindness planned by one person for another and intended as a pleasant surprise or a treat or an unexpected gift and which has then chosen to 'go wrong' and has produced nothing but glum faces and grumpy expressions. When I was seven, an adopted aunt, a species that was often more on the ball than the real ones, came to tea, bearing with her a gift snapped up in W. H. Smith. It was a copy of the latest yarn, as we called them, by Captain (later Major) Charles Gilson. The first world war was drawing to a close and the book was called *Submarine U93*, a thrilling adventure story of warfare above and beneath the waves. She handed it over, beaming, and then stood back, expectant of smiles. But I already possessed the book and knew it nearly by heart. The disappointment was too great to be borne and I burst, natch, into floods. So much for *that* jolly little surprise. It was always even more distressing when a planned treat had gone wrong while heading in one's own direction.

My Cousin Madge relates that on her eighth birthday in 1899, she was allowed to celebrate the day by choosing three unaccustomed treats. Her birthday fell that year on a Sunday and so naturally the first treat of her choice was not to have to go to church. Doubtless this produced gasps of dismay and disapproving looks but a promise was a promise. Church-going was, in her case, an especially trying ordeal as her mother played the harmonium for the services and Madge, seated in the front pew and much *en évidence*, had to preserve a dignified appearance through various discords and imperfect harmonies and the moments when her mother, exhausted with pedalling, supplied the harmonium with insufficient wind and it squeaked into silence.

The second treat that she selected from the exciting possibilities available was to eat an entire tin of condensed milk. And the third was to ride up and down all morning on a donkey. The condensed milk was produced, a donkey was borrowed from a farm a mile away, and Madge's mother set out for church, with a reproachful glance, I expect. Madge then climbed an apple tree, ate all the condensed milk and was immediately sick. She then hoisted herself onto the donkey, but, finding perambulation in the drive somewhat dull and unenterprising, opened the gate and urged her mount to head for the open road. But the donkey, realising that nothing now lay between it and home, instantly threw Madge into a thick thorn hedge, tearing her dress, and legged it for the farm. So much for *those* little treats.

A really impressive instance of a happy surprise turning into a series of total disasters was supplied by a married couple, friends of friends, who lived abroad in a country district. They had had a small tiff and the husband decided to go to the neighbouring town to purchase a kiss-and-make-up present for his loved one. Perhaps, while deciding what to buy, he had a glass of wine, a prudent course of action. Perhaps the choice seemed especially difficult and he had two or three prudent glasses for in the end what he actually bought for her was a parrot in a cage. He then set out for home. Arriving within sight of the house, he opened the cage door for a friendly peep at polly, and the parrot, no fool, at once flew out and up into the topmost branches of a high tree. The husband climbed after it and, half way up, slipped and fell heavily to the ground, breaking a leg. His shriek of agony so startled the parrot that it left its tree-top perch and flew further off onto a tall pole with thick wires attached to it (parrots can talk but not read and the words DANGER DE MORT meant nothing to it.) There it alighted, immediately burst into flames and fell, a ball of fire, into a field of ripe corn, setting it ablaze from end to end. And so the wronged wife, alerted by the din and emerging hurriedly from the house, found herself with an empty parrot cage, a badly damaged husband and, subsequently, an enormous bill from the furious farmer for his badly damaged corn. So much for *that* little kiss-and-make-up present.

And so it was that when a very charming and then Highgate based actress of my happy acquaintance invited me to lunch, and added 'I've got a little surprise for you,' I had an anxious moment. She could hardly at this late stage be going to give me *Submarine U93*. Were there donkeys or parrots or, indeed, condensed milk in Highgate? Time would tell. On the morning of the beano she rang, thoughtful as ever, to say that a fellow guest would be passing my house and would give me a lift in his car up the hill. At 12.30 a honking from the street brought me out all ready for the fray in my lunch-going kit (a slate-gray 'uncrushable' from the Army & Navy Stores) and there, waving from the back of a chauffeur-driven Daimler, was an unidentifiable tallish man (so difficult to recognise people in cars). I opened the rear door and was just climbing in, with a courtly 'How very kind of you', when the words froze on my lips. For there, large as life and twice as menacing, was Boris Karloff, wearing that half smile that usually meant that something extraordinary and excessively disagreeable was about to occur. Although I knew that his real name was William Henry Pratt and that he had been educated at that most reliable of schools, Uppingham, I sank rather gingerly into my seat and kept well into the corner. What might the mute brute not get up to on our brief ride to N.6? Powered by electricity, what shocks might he not apply to sensitive parts? Had he fangs, and if so, where would he sink them?

Horror movies galore came flooding back into my mind. There was the one in which a spider, growing to a height of 100 feet, felt peckish and gobbled up several carloads of people, a real solution to the traffic problem. There was the one featuring a gigantic octopus so expensive to construct that the studio could only afford five tentacles. There was the man-eating plant in the florist's shop which, after munching every begonia in sight, got busy on the florist. Wasn't there some very alarming film in which poor Julie Christie was raped by a computer and, if so, was it acting on its own initiative?

Mr Karloff turned out, I need hardly say, to be entirely charming and easy and not at all averse to discussing his craft. He too treasured favourite moments – the sinister look on the face of Bela Lugosi, a Hungarian actor not given to under-playing, when, as Dracula, he was offered a glass of claret and said silkily 'But I never drink . . . wine'. There was the film based on a short story in which a sea monster falls in love with a lighthouse, a phallic symbol if ever there was one and, what could be handier, fully visible at night-time. There was the film which starred a fifty-foot-tall giantess who kept moaning 'Harry! Harry' and was searching for her husband, wisely absent from home. Mr Karloff told me that enterprising manufacturers produced make-your-own-monster kits, together with glow-in-the-dark plastic vampire fangs.

But all the same, nice as he was, when we got to our destination and he removed his scarf, I took a quick look at the sides of his neck. No electrodes.

Roger Woddis

Acceptable

'Do they or do they not believe that the play's final shot, in which a PE instructor viciously and repeatedly kicked a 16-year-old boy in the genitals, is acceptable television?' – Mrs Mary Whitehouse.

Mary, Mary, visionary
Scanning the TV screen,
What makes you sure some plays are pure
And others are quite obscene?

Was Duncan's murder jolly good?
The jelly of Gloucester's eyes?
And have you read what Hamlet said
Concerning Ophelia's thighs?

Take Dickens now – is Nickleby
The cause of your crimson ears?
And are we coarse if we endorse
The thrashing he gave to Squeers?

Does Punch and Judy sicken you,
Turning your blood to ice?
It may be done, but is it fun
To mutilate three blind mice?

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
Should all vicious shows be banned?
You must be shocked when a man is mocked
And a nail driven into each hand.

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Letters to the Editor

Victims of thalidomide

Sir, John Pilger's self-righteous but selective article on the thalidomide affair (NS 11 August) is notable for its omissions. No-one denies that the 'Y' list children are severely handicapped, nor that they should be compensated. The question is whether they should be compensated by Distillers simply because their parents put their names down on the 'Y' List, and regardless of how their disabilities were caused. I have campaigned for compensation for all disabled children for many years, but if justice is to be done, compensation should be paid by the Government and not by an individual company unless that company is responsible for the disability.

Most experts agree that the majority of children on the 'Y' List were not damaged by thalidomide. Pilger argues that Distillers should accept responsibility because there can be atypical deformities. It is an attractive but specious argument. Pushed to its logical conclusion, Distillers should compensate all handicapped children born during the years that thalidomide was on the market, irrespective of their handicap, providing their parents had put in a claim. Is that really a fair and honourable proposition?

A further omission in Pilger's article is the fact that all those children about whom there was any reasonable doubt were included in the settlement. Sir Alan's findings excluded only those children whom he and the independent medical panel judged beyond all reasonable doubt had not been damaged by thalidomide. This criterion was based on a proposal I put to Sir Alan. I also suggested that in cases where there was no possibility that the child had been damaged by thalidomide, the family should be given an ex-gratia payment because of the distress and delay. A payment of £10,000 is being made to these children, but Pilger dismisses this as a 'derisory charitable handout.'

The original thalidomide campaign was greatly helped by fearless reporting but campaigning journalism needs to be comprehensive and fair if it is not to be discredited.

JACK ASHLEY

House of Commons
London SW1

The television minefield

Sir, In the course of his very interesting article on industrial relations in television (NS 25 August), Jeremy Bugler quotes a London Weekend Television reporter as saying 'We are in Belfast. We have to film some Catholic community leaders, a difficult business requiring that we get their trust. Now it is *routine* (author's italics) in this kind of situation to find that the film crew want to break off. Why? Because they want to get to a first class restaurant the other side of town for their lunch break. Will they please help us and have a sandwich in a local pub? They will not.'

Of course an awful lot of TV reporters have been to Northern Ireland over the past ten years and maybe the one to whom Mr Bugler spoke was singularly unfortunate. But I would be very grateful if you would give me space to comment from my own experience and perhaps balance the record. Over the past six years I have reported on Northern Ireland for *LWT*'s *Weekend World* programme twenty five times. The incident his informant describes as routine has never happened to me once. On the contrary I have always found the film crews with whom I have worked in Belfast to be unstintingly co-operative and often very courageous. If we've been able to make good programmes a large part of the credit is due to the film crews, and after six years of reporting on Northern Ireland on television I'm glad that I have been sufficiently riled by Mr Bugler's anonymous reporter to say thank-you to them publicly.

MARY HOLLAND

22 Raleigh Street
London N1

Sir, In Mr Bugler's article on over-manning in television, he suggested that television was going the same way as Fleet Street: rushing towards financial suicide. However, he also stated that the commercial television companies were suffering from *embarrassingly* high profits.

Might I suggest that the companies use these profits to make more home-grown programmes? In this way they could mop up their 'embarrassment', and give extra work to everyone in the industry, including freelance producers, directors, actors and writers who are finding it increasingly difficult to get work. An added bonus could be that if the technicians were fully stretched, the unions might see their way to modifying rules that were designed to protect jobs. Miracles can happen.

It seems ludicrous that though everyone proudly boasts that British television is the best in the world, many of our own programmes are relegated to off-peak periods, in favour of shoddy though cheaper American programmes. It doesn't add up; especially when one realises that imported programmes are shown in excess of recommended guidelines.

To be fair, I can see the Catch 22 problem. If the commercial companies did initiate more programmes, they would be able to sell more abroad, thus contributing to the embarrassment of what to do with the extra burden of profit.

ANNE VALERY

54 Waterford Road
London SW6

Propping up the bar

Sir, I was intrigued to read in Anthony Blair's reply to your strictures on the legal profession that 'anyone is free to join the Bar on passing its exams' (NS Letters 25 August). He knows quite well that, just as with the Ritz Hotel, many law students of limited means can never dream of entering the outer lobby. And those that pass the exams and stay on to do an unpaid pupillage are soon winnowed. It is idle to suppose that only those of real ability survive the hurdles; luck, contacts, parental support, social background, educational name-tags and private finance remain the important factors in Bar recruitment – to the detriment of both the community and the legal profession.

JULIAN FULBROOK

London School of Economics
Houghton Street
London WC2

Suitable product

Sir, My friend John Mortimer (NS 18 August) has an entertaining swipe at the Arts Council for allegedly spending £40,000 on a tour of *My Fair Lady* instead of (he says) touring a new play by my other friend Arnold Wesker.

It's not as simple as he supposes. First, there is a fair chance that *My Fair Lady* will be so successful that the Arts Council's guarantee (not grant) of £40,000 may not be called at all but the tour could not have taken place without it. Second, *My Fair Lady* is not an alternative to touring a new Wesker play. It is to provide suitable 'product' for the large regional touring theatres in Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Liverpool, Leeds and so on which would otherwise close. It is also aimed to provide good entertainment for large sections of the public who contribute to the Arts Council through their taxes but whose tastes are directed more towards musicals than to Wesker's plays.

I enjoy both and only wish, for his sake, that John Mortimer did.

ROY SHAW
Secretary-general

Arts Council
105 Piccadilly
London W1

Defending Czech socialists

Sir, The Young Conservative rally in Trafalgar Square last Sunday, held to remember and protest against the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia ten years ago, attracted many people who have no connection whatever with the Conservative Party. Speakers ranged from Socialists to Conservatives, and the Young Fabians (Letters 18 August) are quite wrong to suggest that only Tories were allowed to participate. All organisations in membership of the British Youth Council were invited to attend. Unfortunately, the Young Fabians chose not to. They did try to nominate two unnamed speakers, but so late in the day that all arrangements had already been made. Most of those who did speak were not Conservative Party members, but were from countries that have felt the full blast of Soviet aggression, and were approved by the 1968/1978 Occupation Anniversary Committee.

It was the broad-based nature of the Young Conservative rally that helped attract over 5,000 people to Trafalgar Square, and the narrow sectarian base of the Labour NEC-backed rally in Hyde Park that, according to the *Morning Star*, drew only 250 people.

DEMITRI ARGYROPULO
National Vice-Chairman

Young Conservatives
32 Smith Square
London SW1

A woman's place

Sir, The sheer predictability of Peter Conrad's review of *Lawrence and Women* (NS 18 August) is saddening. May I 'solemnly opine' that Mr Conrad is singularly unresponsive to tone, and is over-reacting to some new views of Lawrence which are designed to further understanding of a major writer, not to score points, as Mr Conrad himself seems determined to do. One would have hoped that a collection like *Lawrence and Women* would have merited a review that was at least well-argued and gave some sense of what the essayists actually wrote; on what grounds are the essays of the five other contributors (Lydia Blanchard, Philippa Tristram, T. E. Apter, Harry Moore and Mark Spilka) totally ignored? Could it be that discussion of the book as a whole would interfere with Mr Conrad's stereotyped response?

I find it difficult to recognise myself as both a 'repressed academic' and a 'jaw and ball breaking feminist': shrill and aggressive too, Mr Conrad? We all know what to make of a review that deals in personal abuse, rather than confronting the issues raised.

FAITH PULLIN

University of Edinburgh
George Square
Edinburgh

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Richard Cobb

Hot Breath

Cristina: Portraits of a Princess by BETH ARCHER BROMBERT *Hamish Hamilton* £8.50

Cristina Trivulzio, Princess Belgiojoso, in the course of a long, much-self-publicised life (1808-1871), inspired in her masculine contemporaries the strongest sentiments of admiration, devotion, exasperation, fury, contempt, pity and derision. Her *female* contemporaries seem nearly all to have been on firmer, more consistent ground: they *loathed* her. Few of either appear to have treated her with the polite indifference that was the one thing she could not have stood; for, despite her frequent declarations about seeking only to be forgotten, she was at all times actively concerned to see that, whether *de près* or *de loin* (she kept up a regular barrage of correspondence), this was the last thing that would happen.

As the only witnesses to her dramatically draped life were those who either fell for her, then changed their minds, or those who found her insufferable from the start, there is no means of accurately measuring her impact on French and Italian society during the Romantic period; it is all saint or demon. Yet most people presumably never heard even of the existence of the Italian princess, much less of her carefully rehearsed *entrés* and *sorties*, withdrawals and returns. At least she was well served by the excess of feeling that she inspired – for a time at least – among her better-known contemporaries: *Quella puttana* (Cavour), *questa scocciatrice* (King Ferdinand), *cabotine*, *comédienne*, *la princesse allumeuse*, 'a cross between Joan of Arc and Madame de Staël', *bas-bleu*, *terroriste*, *intrigante*, drug addict, *poseuse*: all such were at least tributes to her limitless sense of self-importance. One can understand that, while she felt a certain warmth towards the police chief of Milan, because he thought she was a danger to the Austrian State, she could never forgive Metternich – a fair judge of women – for having said that she was quite harmless and was not worth reporting on.

She has, after many years of (perhaps understandable) neglect, now acquired the sort of biographer that she would most have appreciated. It is not just the inevitable link of familiarity and mounting interest that is always likely to grow between biographer and subject; Mrs Brombert has caught Cristina's torrid, florid moods, and the perspectives that she has adopted are very exactly those of her heroine's total self-centredness. The chapter-headings are fair warnings of what is to come: 'Who was she?', 'Sleeping Beauty', 'Passport to Patriotism', 'Paris c'est la France, la France c'est le monde', 'Pro Patria', 'La Belle Dame sans merci', 'La Princesse Bellejoyeuse', 'A Last Glance'. Fair warnings, but what is to come is much worse. Fount Gush flows night and day; its *les Grandes Eaux* not just at weekends, as we hurtle through a breathless, but confused narrative ('she closed her great sphinx eyes forever on July 5, 1871', but we are not to be let off so easily – there are more than 130 pages still to come); and, within the narrative, we are constantly jumping backwards and forwards, in an attempt to keep up with Cristina's erratic movements between Paris, Milan Locate, Greece, Turkey, the Holy Land, and even poor old England. When the Princess has been slighted or misunderstood, everything stops, to allow Mrs Brombert to get her oar in. And we are hustled along to a mixture of nudges and winks, special pleading, and pure supposition.

To be fair to the Princess, if her biographer ha caught her subject's heated breathlessness, the style is altogether her own. We start off with 'everyone has two homelands, Paris and his own', proceed through 'the careful penm nship of a self-conscious constructd individual', 'musicianship', '15-year-old Cristina was hardly the dish for a man of Byronic appetites', 'great black eyes soft with innocent reveries', 'she emerged from the grey cocoon of her childhood', and soon 'the pale sickly pupa could become as vivid a butterfls as any other'. Then 'November 1828 marked the Rubicon of her life' and 'it was in *Geneva* ("vous savez, Monsieur, c'est le plus haut jet d'eau du monde!") that she acquired her first Weltanschauung . . . much of Europe's finest blood was throbbing there in exile'. 'Austria [one of *many* Villains] began to feel the hot breath of liberalism on its neck'. 'M lta, her first port of call . . . was no Shangri-La'; there is a reference to something rather disgusting called 'societal habits'; and long before she closed the great big, dishy, black deep pools of her eyes, mysterious, impenetrable, flashing, dulled, tragic, 'the Furies had descended on her, beating their black wings on all sides'. 'Cristina emerges' (and she is always doing that, mostly from black-draped bedrooms heavy in velvet, ivory skulls, furnished with coffins open or closed, *garnis* or *non-garnis* – she kept her dead secretary in one by her bed for several months – and books in Hebrew left open) 'as a mythopeic figure.' There are strong odours (odors): 'the spicy scent of the possible still exudes its aroma from the correspondence', 'the pungent flavor [*sic*] of Parisian mores'; and the Princess's raven locks exude a musky excitement (there is a fine scene too with Raven Locks entangled in the undone Goldie-Locks of *Casque-d'Or*, both ladies with their hair down, on the canopied bed, Cristina and George Sand). Poor old Balzac gets his ticket: 'she no longer gives him a hoot.' Balzac anyway does not want to be 'suspected of any hanky-panky with her'. He had got clear away by then; but Mrs Brombert will not have that: he put her in a novel: a pallid woman with huge eyes, it *must* be her

But it is inside Cristina that the author, who has consulted three medical luminaries from Yale, really gets into her stride. The Italian noblewoman was bor epileptic, and contracted syphilis from her husband at 16. By the time she reached Paris at 21, she suffered from 'fainting, nausea, he adache, visceral pain, fever, thoracic discomfort . . . [but] she never complained about beir g sick'. Later, she adds, doctorally: 'It has been possible to discover that Cristina suffered from psychomotor-temporal lobe epilepsy' and that 'to the surprise of ost researchers, recent investigations have revealed that the nature and placement of the lesion causing psychomotor-temporal epilepsy produces a significant and permanent diminution of sexual activity' (Voice of Vincent Price).

She also suffered from another hereditary malady called 'a Trivulzio's pride'. Of poor Augustin Thierry – one of the first she latched on to: she had a penchant for cripples, because they could not get away – 'at 29 locomotor ataxia crippled his body'. But 'in June 1857, she developed an ulcer of the urethra'. 'It is generally assumed,' states Mrs Brombert, with the force of Yale Medical School behind her, 'that only middle-class women . . . suffer from this "empty nest" syndrome, so often synchronous with menopause.' *Not so* (as she is given to saying, when pointing out where all previous historians have gone wrong). The Princess had a go of it; and 'those days . . . were recounted to Mignet in every detail, medical and emotional'. You bet, for poor Mignet's function in life, when not writing a history of the French Revolution, was to be the Princess's letter-box. Though he tried not replying, he never managed to disengage, nor to check the regular flow of moral and medical reports and of improbable statements as to how much his implacable correspondent was enjoying Getting Away from It All. Perhaps she chose him because he was a trained archivist.

Back to *le Cabinet de Médecine*: 'in 1939, André Villiers finally wove together all the diagnostic fibres. Musset' – his turn for the treatment – 'was apparently a manic depressive whose dipsomania was symptomatic rather than causative of his cyclothemia'. By this time, Cristina 'was taking large amounts of belladonna, an anticonvulsant, which does indeed dilate the pupils making it impossible to read', but leaving her more time to sit in a darkened bedroom with her hand on one of her collection of skulls. Musset's apparent (she says it) obsession with her 'produced an acute logorrhea' (in him or in her? This we are *not* told, but Musset managed to make good his getaway, going off with a young shop-girl – quite unsuitable, of course, because, unlike Cristina, she was uneducated, and could not even begin to understand his genius). It was 'not until the late 1950s [that] the relationship between epilepsy and hypersexuality [was] determined', though what bearing this may have on the tiresome behaviour of the Princess – who liked sitting at bedsides, preferably of the sick or the dying, sitting or lying ducks to her insistent ministrations, but was apparently very reluctant ever to get *into* bed, at least with a man (Mignet seems to have been quite safe), even if there had been a tumble with George – we are not told.

The author, no modest historian herself, is at pains to insist on her heroine's simplicity and modesty. On a trip, 'she rested in a sordid inn'; once in Paris, 'she settled into a modest apartment', and she writes to one of her epistolatory victims: 'believe me, for a few weeks, I prepared my modest meals with my

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own white hands.' In Turkey, 'she healed the sick . . . sold the embroideries . . . and began writing stories on Turkish life'. Away from It All, she writes at her usual great length: 'I shall rest at night at the foot of a tree where I staked my tent.' What a life she had had! What suffering! She 'had soiled her hands with earth, blood, and money' – she had any amount of that – '. . . had mended her clothes'. Her one desire – to her Press Officer, Mignet – was 'to leave the world . . . and go and live in forests or deserts, in the heart of nature and far from civilisation'. When she got *back* to civilisation, she took to wearing Turkish garb, and her servants were dressed in turbans and baggy trousers. While emphasising her simplicity and devotion ('her tender nursing care, so characteristic of her need to care for others weaker than herself'), the author has to admit that she was in need of a full staff so that she could devote her time entirely to Italy, History, Theology, Journalism, Musicianship, Travel, the Rights of Women, Ministering to the Sick and Lionising: 'there had always been a Mrs Parker and servants to free her from the tedium of such chores'; there was a whole retinue to see to 'her frail figure supported by pillows in her salon at Blevio'.

As a biographer, Mrs Brombert is anything but modest. 'I felt obliged to do my own spadework and uncovered a proof, apparently overlooked before, that this verdict is correct.' 'There are ample documents to prove this, but since malice makes better reading' – oh for a little malice in this turgid, hot-breathed book! – 'only his derogatory remarks about Cristina have ever been quoted.' She is always the first in the field, the first to use this collection or that. But she strains her evidence severely: for instance, Mignet *must* have been the father of Marie, Cristina's daughter, 'because his own revered mother was called Marie'; so were whole armies of others. Balzac must have met her in April-May 1831, because it is *known* he was in Paris then; it does not occur to her that he might not have taken the trouble to visit her; Cristina WAS Paris (she was weeping, ill-used, bleeding *Italia* too), one could no more miss her than Notre Dame. She MUST have been the original of this or that character in Heine, in Balzac, in Musset. 'This subtle allusion surely points to Cristina'; 'Cristina is recognisable enough without mention of her native city'. 'Nothing in fact evokes George, but everything evokes Cristina' – for who, having met Cristina, would evoke George Sand?

She has caught it off her subject. Cristina is constantly barging in where she is not wanted. Manzoni turns her away from the door of his dying mother, manages even to get her out of the house – he must have been very tough indeed – but he is punished: late in life, he is ill-treated by his children. The Principessa had tried to help him; but she had been rejected. On being told of her husband's final illness, she expresses for once no desire to see him; he too was being punished. No wonder some people – Italians – tried to avoid the stare of the saucer eyes. She certainly did not bring good news. But, outside the family, any hint of illness or disaster would see her thin, black-draped form and prying pallid chalk-white face, standing in the semi-darkness of the *palier*, pulling energetically at the embroidered silken bell-pulls, forcing her way in.

Mrs Brombert is so obsessed with her subject, and has so completely espoused her Causes, her Grievances, her sense of Ingratitude, that she too is always barging in, making prissy and derogatory judgments, above all about any other woman who had succeeded to the affections of one of Cristina's chosen victims. For her too Paris has only one function: that of a lurid, brooding backdrop to Cristina's endless appetite for posturing self-dramatisation. For her too, Musset, Heine, Mignet and the others are little more than celluloid figures, contrived to give the Princess a role *à deux*, for she does not need friends, lovers, but witnesses, listeners, recipients and manoeuvrable but house-bound victims. Musset was the first to spot her taste for necrophilia.

And her biographer, alas, can only see the rather overblown world of *le Paris romantique* through the tiresome belladonna-inflated woeful headlights of the conceited, priggish and pedagogic Lombard noblewoman. Those who had let her down, had not come up to expectation after all that she had done for *them*: France, Italy, Milan, Paris, Balzac, the Pope, Heine, Women, her husband, her family – and the list is very long, and very carefully kept up to date – are dismissed, with short shrift, or with an expression of disappointment at what they had lost, by her wide-eyed, arch and totally committed biographer.

The author's vision of Paris carries the breathlessness of the enthusiastic American woman first faced with the Seine. Her book is so silly that it does achieve a sort of comic charm. But, despite such energetic and sustained adulation, it does little for her heroine, whom we can see only in dim and tottering outline, wilting, suffering, her skull-like head in her beautiful thin hands, her immense eyes filled with tears, through a volcanic shower of molten gush. I doubt if even Cristina – who, glimpsed between crises, deceptions, illnesses, disappointments, the cruelties of others, seems remarkably tough, implacable, unforgiving, self-indulgent, and, let us say it, pretty unpleasant – quite deserved a biographer so fulsome and literal.

Stephen Koss

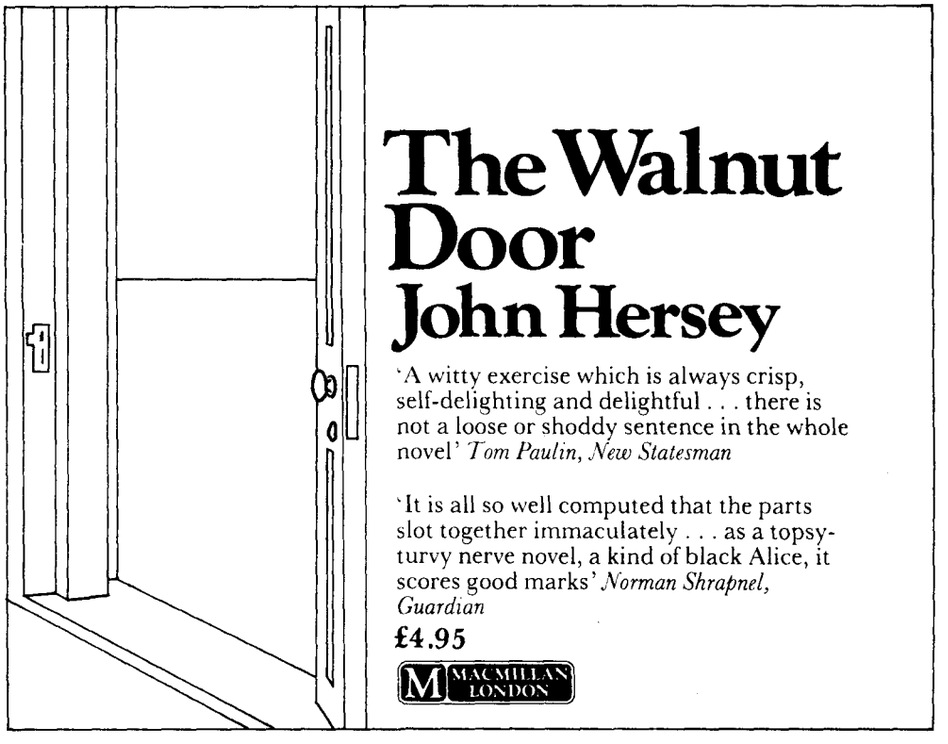
Girth & Mirth

G.K. Chesterton by MARGARET CANOVAN
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich £7.10

In the Edwardian literary landscape, Gilbert Keith Chesterton stood lopsidedly as a monument. His ample physical proportions, no less than the prodigious output of his pen, ensured him that status. He produced poetry and mystery novels, theological tracts and social criticism, satires and political discourses, biographies of assorted authors and saints (not, by his canon, mutually exclusive categories), and an endless stream of newspaper and magazine articles that retain a quaint charm, if only a dim logic. 'You may tap any subject you like,' A. G. Gardiner, who provided him with a 'Saturday pulpit' in the *Daily News*, wrote of him: 'he will find it a theme on which to hang all the mystery of time and eternity.'

For reasons which he himself would have found amusing, Chesterton has since become a cult figure, especially among Roman Catholics, to whose faith he formally converted in 1922. His essays have been subjected to the most rigorous textual analysis, his ephemeral journalism has been mined for nuggets of wisdom, and his private sentiments have been intensively probed. Doctoral dissertations have been written to defend his reputation and, if possible, to enhance it. In Canada, there is a journal exclusively devoted to Chestertonian studies.

Despite these pious rituals, or perhaps because of them, Chesterton survives as a latter-day Stonehenge, inviting speculation as well as veneration. From different perspec-


The Walnut Door
John Hersey
'A witty exercise which is always crisp, self-delighting and delightful . . . there is not a loose or shoddy sentence in the whole novel' Tom Paulin, New Statesman
'It is all so well computed that the parts slot together immaculately . . . as a topsy-turvy nerve novel, a kind of black Alice, it scores good marks' Norman Shrapnel, Guardian
£4.95
MACMILLAN LONDON

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tives, the boulders of his thought, defaced by the graffiti of successive generations of hero-worshippers, seem to assume different patterns. Margaret Canovan, whose pilgrimage has no overt religious inspiration, approaches these artefacts with a view of Chesterton as a social radical who 'used his intellectual sophistication expressly to vindicate common sense against the elitist orthodoxy'. Her avowed secularism, however, is not far removed from sanctimoniousness. Like Stonehenge, Chesterton can be more easily classified than comprehended.

Dr Canovan has made a valiant attempt to grapple with the contradictions of the man, whose girth and mirth nevertheless elude her. Solemnly and selectively, she undertakes an explication of particular Chesterton works that allow her to infer that he was a 'populist', a designation more familiar in its Russian and American contexts. Acknowledging a degree of 'absurdity' in her own argument, she is able to discern a 'clarity of thought' largely by isolating her subject from his contemporary background and by emphasising certain writings at the expense of others. While she is entitled, of course, to have her preferences, she may be faulted for ignoring important secondary sources and for failing to incorporate Chesterton's unpublished correspondence, readily available among the papers of his friends and associates. Scarcely concerned with details of Chesterton's activities, she relies heavily and uncritically on Maisie Ward's authorised biography, published in 1944. But what Maisie knew no longer suffices.

Too much inclined to take Chesterton at his word, which was often more inconsistent than she will allow, Dr Canovan depicts him as 'a shining example' of populism, which another scholar has unhelpfully described as 'A Syndrome, not a Doctrine'. Above all else, she celebrates Chesterton as the embodiment of its 'characteristic virtues'. To this effect, she routinely echoes his denunciations of the 'benevolent despotism, exercised by men who called themselves Liberals' ('I am a Liberal,' Chesterton declaimed outrageously. 'It is the other people who are not Liberals') and 'the consistently paternalistic and repressive attitude of the philanthropic reformers, whether Liberal, Conservative, or Socialist'.

A master of invective and a skilled publicist, Chesterton found it convenient to purvey simplisms, which Dr Canovan ought to have recognised as such. There were greater diversities of impulse and intention among Liberals, Conservatives, and Socialists than their labels might necessarily imply. As demonstrated by C. F. G. Masterman, among others, neither Christian idealism nor a tendency to drink was inconsistent with the new Liberalism, against whose 'tyranny' Chesterton rebelled. Similarly, Chesterton's sense of patriotism had much in common with the socialism of Robert Blatchford; and, given the options open to a working journalist, it was no more incongruous for him to spout his views in the *Daily Herald* than for Blatchford to write for the Northcliffe press. Bernard Shaw, with whom he tilted lances in the *Daily News*, was an obvious target: 'All his splendid vistas and startling suggestions arise from carrying some one clear principle further than it has yet been carried.' Might not the same have been said of Chesterton himself? In any case, Shaw resisted all temptations to retaliate in kind, insisting to Gardiner that their portly friend attacked him so vehemently only 'because he eats too much, and feels my slender figure and my vegetarianism to be a standing reproach to him'. Dr Canovan's study would have been none the worse for a touch of Shavian impudence.

'From the crazy single-mindedness of progressive opinion', the author instead contends, 'Chesterton appealed to the solid common sense of the working man'. Seeing Chesterton's world through the narrow lenses of his pince-nez, she gives serious consideration to his economic theory of distributivism, by which social justice was to be achieved through a system of small proprietorships. Whereas 'Shaw and Wells and the rest of them' equated 'better and better' with 'bigger and bigger', Chesterton upheld 'human values' by maintaining that 'small is beautiful'. An endearing proposition from a man of his bulk, it was not so far afield from strands of socialist thought as Dr Canovan assumes, and it had an affinity with the land policy which Lloyd George was already advocating. The ultimate paradox about Chesterton, and one which this book never confronts, is that his stature diminishes when he is restored to the company he once kept.

Nirad C. Chaudhuri

Burning Bright

Tiger: The Story of the Indian Tiger
KAILASH SANKHALA *Collins* £7.95

This is one of the very few monographs on the tiger which has been written from first-hand observation. Two well-known books, Dunbar-Brander's *Wild Animals in Central India* and Champion's *With a Camera in Tiger-Land,* give much dependable information about the great beast, but they also include many other animals. So does *Sport in Jheel and Jungle* by the Bengali barrister and *shikari* (uncle of General J. N. Chaudhuri) who in spite of giving very sound advice about following a wounded tiger was himself killed by one in Orissa. Mr Sankhala lists only three books devoted exclusively to the tiger in his bibliography, and Champion mentioned only one. Although I have read accounts of the tiger in many other books and also in the numerous notes published in the *Journal of the Bombay Natural History Society,* Mr Sankhala's is the only work solely on the tiger that I have read.

This is very surprising in view of the place the animal has held in the natural history of India, in the popular imagination and in the mind of big-game hunters. *Tiger,* therefore, fills up a regrettable gap in our knowledge. I welcome it not only on account of my life-long interest in the tiger, but also as a Bengali. We Bengalis claimed it as the special property of Bengal. This was due to the name formerly given to it, which was the 'Royal Bengal Tiger'. On the origin of this name, incidentally, Mr Sankhala has been very sadly misinformed by those who gave him historical information. On p. 133 of his book he writes: 'King Edward VII when he was Prince of Wales shot a tiger in Purnea (now in Bihar) in 1857, after which the Indian tiger came to be known as the "Royal Bengal Tiger".' The mistake is so gross that I am surprised at the failure of the publisher's to correct this statement. The year 1857 is obviously a printing mistake, for Edward as Prince of Wales went to India in 1875. He could not have gone there in any case in 1857, which was the year of the Mutiny. The epithet 'royal' had nothing to do with him.

In fact, it dates from the 17th century. The *OED* quotes Fryer's *Account of the East Indies and Persia* (1698) as follows: 'A youth killed a Tigre-Royal . . . It was a Tigre of the Biggest and Noblest Kind.' The dictionary also cites from Shaw's *General Zoology* (1800) that the largest of the tigers 'are those of India and are termed Royal Tigers'. 'Royal' was the adjective for anything large, remarkable, excellent, or exceptional in any way – e.g. a royal antelope, royal boa, royal fern, royal hart, etc. Tigers were also called Bengal Tigers, because, as the *OED* further explains, they were most abundant in Bengal. The two adjectives became combined in the late 19th century as the specific appellation of the tiger, and the animal was appropriated by us Bengalis in the interest of provincial patriotism. It might be incidentally added that many Indian nationalist myths originate from British mistakes and inexactitudes.

I shall not go into the details of Mr Sankhala's book. It provides reliable information about the history of the tiger, and will not only be indispensable for the specialist but also absorbing for anyone who is interested in wild animals. All the information on the zoological side has been gathered by Mr Sankhala from prolonged personal observation. The book also gives expression to the fervour of its author for the tiger. Another of its most attractive features is the series of illustrations, many of them in colour, reproduced from the photographs taken by the author himself.

The tiger, when he can be photographed, always looks most handsome and majestic. There is a suggestion of cruelty in the deep-set eyes of the lion, but the expression of the tiger is always benign. Not that it can't look frightening. I once saw the face of a charging tiger. One notoriously bad-tempered tigress in the Calcutta zoo had been irritated by film-makers, and seeing me standing near the bars of her cage, came straight towards me with a great roar. I was absolutely paralysed, and saw the terrible face. She hit the bars before me and went back to her den, but the violence of the impact left streaks of yellow hair on the bars. No one would care to face a tiger in this mood, although I have read the advice of an English *shikari* that if a man has to face a charging tiger he had better not take the risk of missing it by trying to shoot when it is on the move, but wait till it stops for a second or two at a distance of about a yard, as it always does, and then empty both the barrels into its head.

Mr Sankhala disputes the widespread idea that tigers can become man-eaters, and he speaks with authority on this subject. But it has always been a very controversial question. Mr Sankhala clashes more particularly with J. Corbett, whose book on the man-eating tigers of Kumaon is certainly the most widely read work on the subject. He almost makes it an issue of personal veracity with Corbett. Once in a conversation with me, Mr Sankhala gave expression to his scepticism about Corbett's stories. Most observers are, however, agreed

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that the tiger very rarely turns a man-eater, and Champion definitely says that under ordinary circumstances the jungle tiger of the United Provinces (i.e. the sub-Himalayan regions) is not in any way dangerous.

The author is a defender not only of the tiger's good name but also of his existence, which is threatened very seriously. Certainly, tiger-shooting, reduced almost to the pastime of grouse-shooting for the British dignitaries, has been one of the worst scourges of the tiger. I have always disliked looking at pictures of Viceroys – and more especially of King George V – sitting with the slaughtered tigers at their feet, although in boyhood even I used to sit on a very large tiger skin presented to our family. One tiger at least took his revenge before the eyes of a Vicereine. Lady Curzon (an American heiress), taken out for a tiger-shoot, saw with her own eyes the great jaws close on a man's head, and afterwards his corpse with half the head gone. Both personally and on behalf of the Indian Government, Mr Sankhala made efforts to save the tiger, for which he deserves the gratitude of all who love wild animals and a fine heritage of India. However, it is a forlorn enterprise; the greatest threat to the tiger comes not from hunting, but from the expansion of human habitation and cultivation.

Eric Korn

Ecomaniacs

The Natural History of the Whale by L. HARRISON MATTHEWS *Weidenfeld* £12.50
Sea-Serpents, Sailors and Sceptics by GRAHAM MCEWAN *Routledge* £4.50

Whatever small Greek boys did with dolphins in antiquity – and the record is obscure but suggestive – today's tots do not, by and large, take woolly marine mammals to bed with them. Our misplaced species-proud condescension, which has reduced the image of almost every quadruped to cuddly fatuity, has not managed to pat the whale patronisingly on his bebarnacled head. It has been left to the eco-mystics to make of them manipulable icons on which to act out the most curious fantasies, as though they were so many inflatable rubber sweethearts. (Whales inflate too, but only after death, and not in a lovable fashion. Odontocetes must be pricked like frying sausages to prevent an unspeakably nasty detonation.)

Harrison Matthews has set out to demythologise the whale. A professional zoologist, he is equally ready to find weirdness and wonder in anything from a toad to a trypanosome; the snobbish reverence which cetophiles display for the currently fashionable species is not in his vocabulary, though his science breathes an atmosphere equally composed of reverence and formalin. Professor Matthews clearly enjoys posing as a cantankerous pragmatist, as in an aside designed to offend as widely as possible:

> The European hunters of the 'small whale fishery', who catch mainly Minke whales with some Killers, Bottle-nosed Whales, Blackfish and others, send this excellent meat which should be feeding hungry men to the pet-food manufacturers, whence it appears recycled as the dog-droppings that foul city pavements, or goes to nourish pampered cats that ought to be earning their livings by catching rats and mice. When enterprising Asiatic eating-houses in London are caught serving pet-food in curry they are prosecuted.

Coolly heretical, he even points out the positive ecological consequences of the depletion of whale stocks: somewhere between 30 and 300 megatons of krill (at a million krill to the ton – an average snack for a Blue Whale – that's a fair crowd of *Euphausia superba*) are available to nourish other species, and the South Georgia Fur Seal has recently become spectacularly abundant. So has the very edible Blue Whiting, which, since no one much has ethical problems about eating fish, makes for some complicated moral arithmetic. Now the Russians are processing krill for human consumption, presumably into some kind of super-shrimp paste, which has the same economic advantages as consuming grass instead of using ruminants as protein converters, and sounds about as appealing.

New fisheries may also affect whale behaviour. The rorquals, which are toothed whales, gulpers rather than grazers, must compete with man for capelin, and 'have developed a strong tendency to come around fishing vessels and take the fish passing through the meshes of purse seines'. It's a pathetic notion, the proud hunter deprived of his tribal lands and living on welfare and pilferage. Thus whale fanciers often seem to confuse the whale with the Red Indian, or an equally distorted and insulting image of him. This confusion, with all that's worst and best, is exhibited in a recent Scribner's/Sierra Club publication, *Mind in the Waters* ('prepared for publication by the Yolla Bolly Press in co-operation with Project Jonah'), with contributions from persons who don't object to being described as 'keenly aware of the urgency with which man must reappraise the nature of his immutable union with the environment' or as having had 'a close personal relationship with a female dolphin called Ruby'. Nothing queer about old Carruthers; but if you think the Gay Porpoise Front has yet to be heard from, Dr Matthews will put you right. Dolphinaria are regular Gomorrahs or Public Schools, with the infants entrusted to the care of Matron, a female who has not borne young, and punished by a good flippering, while the older dolphin-lads make attempts on each other, on men in wet suits, or even (a limerick looms) stout pieces of rope. There is a shocking photograph of a Bottlenose misbehaving with a hawser, his face, if face it be, alight with glassy ecstasy. But 'dolphins have built-in smiles' and we must beware anthropomorphism.

The temptation, though, is not so much anthropomorphism as delphinocentrism or delphinotheism. Dr Matthews's solid, cautious and absorbing monograph does not mention John Lily (an extremist whose line, crudely, is that *they* are trying to communicate with *us*) except perhaps in a reference to 'the hallucinations and fantasies of the enthusiasts'. He is tersely dismissive of claims of high intelligence, quoting against them the frequency of mass strandings (soft cetologists see this as existential despair) and even, meanly, the strong evidence that their mutual aid is extended to human swimmers in distress: 'were they intelligent they would not aid man.' Gregory Bateson, an enthusiast but not a hallucinator, and regrettably ignored by Dr Matthews, tells among more secure findings, of staging such a rescue. The dolphin obliged, but the experimenter found he had left the lens cap on his camera. When the swimmer feigned distress for the second time, the dolphin, enraged at finding himself the stooge in a Candid Camera episode, 'beat him up'. One can imagine the multiplicity of trials and controls that a sceptic would demand before accepting this interpretation. The cetacea do have large and complex brains (Dr Matthews does not discuss their remarkable neuroanatomy), but it is mildly premature to assume that, since they do not manipulate objects, the cortical capacity is available for delicate matters of etiquette or for meditation. But it is beside the point to argue that their learning performances can be imitated by 'rats, hens and other animals that are not regarded as specially intelligent': these elegant and mysterious creatures – but all creatures are elegant and mysterious – do not have to pass an IQ test to claim our respect.

Graham McEwan would regard even the outer fringes of Project Jonah – the ones who want to tell stories and sing songs to dying whales – as tiresomely cautious. He tabulates some 400 'reliable' sightings of sea-monsters, mostly without references, except to secondary sources. Since they are not consistent, he is obliged to hypothesise nine large unknown creatures, including a water-horse, a giant otter, a mosasaur, and a giant tadpole. He admits the lack of solid remains is a problem: 'there have been 60 known captures or strandings . . . out of these there are only seven clear cases which probably refer to genuine unknown creatures.' One of these is Bishop Pontoppidan's 1752 account:

> . . . there is a report, but not altogether to be depended on, that some peasants at Sundmoer have catched a Snake lately in a net, which was three fathoms long and had four legs; this must resemble a crocodile. The peasants ran away frightened, and left the Snake to do the same.

The other clear cases are no better, but there is a handsome dustjacket.

Paul Bailey

That There

Picture Palace by PAUL THEROUX *Hamish Hamilton* £4.95

Paul Theroux's brilliant new novel ends with a startling scene. Maude Coffin Pratt, a famous American photographer, is attending the private view of a retrospective exhibition of her life's work at a gallery that sounds suspiciously like the Museum of Modern Art. The usual yapping phonies who turn out on such occasions are consuming free wine by the gallon, and talking – since this is New York – of 'ought' and 'oughtists'. Maude wanders from room to room, unrecognised. She is mistaken for a waitress, and consequently obliges by taking round a tray of drinks. The yapping grows louder. With the arrival of the young man who has organised the show, it becomes deafening. Maude realises that it is he, Frank

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Fusco – *the toadying recipient of a* Guggenheim fellowship – who is the hero of the hour. The artist herself is a mere onlooker. She remains where she always was – on the periphery.

Picture Palace is a very funny book about a very sad human being. Maude is a perpetual spectator, fated to record what she cannot experience. She looks at joy and suffering alike, and catches them on the instant. She has the knack of being *there* (at the proverbial right place, at the right time) when the camera has only to be clicked. It's a knack she shares with Graham Greene – the would-be subject of her last photograph – who puts in a gentlemanly appearance in an early chapter. Greene is one of Maude's chosen few, a seasoned messenger from the Front who has kept his wry vision intact

He values tenderness, especially when it is displayed by tarts; he is for human contact, however arbitrary. It is a quality Maude can respect because she has so rarely encountered it. In the course of her calculatedly haphazard narrative she recalls a meeting with D. H. Lawrence, whose position at the top of her shit-list is forever unchallenged. The halitous creator of the deliciously odoriferous Mellors invites Maude to press against his loins and to feel his 'willy' (whatever happened to his 'John Thomas'?). 'Willy'-resistant, she rebuffs her unlikely liberator: he is green, not Greene; a scarred adolescent, constantly shrieking. There is nothing he can teach her.

Maude's true liberator is out of her reach. Halfway through the book, she reaches him, she thinks. He takes her long-preserved virginity. But it isn't her beloved Orlando, whose bed she creeps into. She is violated – in the dark, in a state of temporary blindness – by a foul-mouthed, drunken soldier who could be screwing anybody. When Maude's sight is restored, it is by accident, and by the power of the imagination. Her brother is elsewhere. Rosalind must remain in the forest, her lens at the ready.

Her lens at the ready, she mingles with the mighty: Thomas Mann (an upright paterfamilias); Aldous Huxley (eyeless in Hollywood, a fraud deceived by the fraudulent); T. S. Eliot (thanks to Mrs Quormbey, an expert on the post-war state of English cheese); Ernest Hemingway (a Man among men); William Faulkner (prostrate; pissed); Mr Perdew (who is both lost and Pound) – there are others. Hers is a vicarious existence, like a certain kind of novelist's – almost, one might say, like Paul Theroux's. He's a bit of an onlooker, too.

Picture Palace works splendidly on the surface, like Maude's talent. What it lacks as a work of art is what she lacks as an artist: an essential empathy. She tells us she cares, but not convincingly: she's only *there* when things happen. The people – the *real* people of fiction, as distinct from Theroux's Manns and Eliots – are shadowy, insubstantial. The novel would be better if they weren't. One wants this solitary figure to function among recognisably complex individuals, seen with something other than a camera. One would like her to be *there* when things *aren't* happening. One would like her to be *there* with truly imagined characters. All of us, with a little savvy, can rustle up a Greene, a Huxley, a Mann, even a Perdew. One suspects that Maude, via Theroux, is showing off a little. Most of us are dully there, rather than *there*. It's a difficult place to get to, that there. I'd *feel happier with this clever book if I could* say, in all honesty, that Paul Theroux knew something of its whereabouts. Greene's hero, Conrad, grasped its bearings: he appreciated its infinite dullness. Theroux simply mentions grand inhabitants – old Willie Maugham and Co – through Maude's focusing eyes. I – as well as one, that photographing reviewer – would welcome his departure from *there* into there. Theroux could afford to be *perdu*. He needs to be rescued from brilliance.

Neal Ascherson

The Five Towns

Edinburgh by DAVID DAICHES *Hamish Hamilton* £7.95

Tom Stoppard called it 'the Reykjavik of the South'. Glasgow men of wit remark that 'yizzle wizzle urra wurra Embra poofda', and add that Edinburgh ladies are all 'fur coats – nae knickers'. That's a discovery I have yet to make, like the 'Corstorphine salons' in which Mr Norman Buchan, MP, once contended that Nationalism was cooked up (brilliant discourse in that suburb being confined to the parakeets of the Edinburgh Zoo, so far as I know). Not everybody likes the place. Its skull-shrinking east winds and erratic shops, its jowly young advocates chortling in High Street bars, its philistine councils and the city's air of cool complacency can all lower the spirits. But Edinburgh has a superiority complex still, for the sound reason that, in spite of itself and its governors, it remains a most superior town.

Professor Daiches has written a book about Glasgow and now, though a trifle anxious not to display too passionate an affection, he has written another about his native city. For the most part, it is a history which is inevitably a history of Scotland itself. The battles, rebellions, massacres and devastations occurred elsewhere, but in Edinburgh they hanged the losers and drunkenly welcomed the victors. Any book about Edinburgh is full of executions. Argyll leaned over the balcony of Moray House to spit at Montrose as he was carted to the scaffold; he and his son took the same road in their turn. Deacon Brodie, city father and burglar at once, ended on his own patent gallows. James VI burned witches at the Castle; the martyrs of the Covenant swung in the Grassmarket and so did the popular smuggler Andrew Wilson, whose death set off the Porteous Riot in 1736.

'Social inequality is nowhere more ostentatious than at Edinburgh,' wrote Robert Louis Stevenson. He was remembering the glance over South Bridge to the ragged, turbulent Cowgate below. But in a sense the whole history of modern Edinburgh as a city was the attempt to make inequality more ostentatious. It hadn't always been so, and Professor Daiches describes well the old capital in which kings, nobles, merchants, craftsmen and mob lived crammed together along the herring-spine of the Royal Mile and its closes. *Only a few had wealth, only a few* enjoyed power, but physically they were huddled together with those they exploited; the daughters of aristocrats rode pig steeplechases over the heaps of dung in the High Street, and neither the town council nor the old parliament was secure against the mobs which could be rallied within minutes from the tenements around them.

So it came to the building of the three Edinburghs: after the old town, the New Town across the drained North Loch and then the South Side. The old town was evacuated by the advocates, intellectuals and aristocrats, and left to the poor (where Miss Jean Brodie could still exhibit them to her terrified pupils as late as the Thirties). A fourth and fifth Edinburgh followed: the Victorian suburbs south of the Meadows and round the western periphery, and finally the huge estates of public housing which hide the enduring poverty of many Edinburgh people behind the screen of Arthur's Seat, or down by the estuary.

This is a kindly, learned book, not departing into sustained flights of imagination or new analysis. Professor Daiches attains passion only once, when he lets fiercely fly against Edinburgh University ('the villains of the piece') and Principal Sir Edward Appleton for levelling the whole inner South Side from George Square to Nicolson Square, a cultural crime still raw, irreparable, beyond vengeance. For the rest, he is temperate, and one might have wished for more of his anger about other aspects of Edinburgh's unmistakable decline. This is still an old European town – like Prague or Cracow – whose heart is inhabited and alive, whose pubs are places to talk in, whose fantastic form never fails to distract the drunk or sober citizen. Yet all that we can be sure will survive is that subtle hypocrisy, that Czech ability to change the subject. One illustration in this book shows two small boys industriously piddling in a close. The caption reads: 'Antique shops have long been an Edinburgh institution.'

Marina Warner

Whirlwind Man

The Coldest Winter in Peking by HSIA CHIH-YEN *W. H. Allen* £5.50

Beautiful Russian spies with creamy white bosoms, treachery on the frozen Mongolian border, cavalry skirmishes on the Steppes, the outbreak of World War III averting a coup at home, black limousines purring through electronic gates, lift shafts sunk into underground chambers for high matters of state, revolutionary youth rising and dying in the streets of Peking, the Gang of Four plotting, the loyalists counter-plotting, Young Swallow and Whirlwind Man, mantles of maturity thrust upon shoulders here and there, sceptres of power wrested from seas of blood now and then . . . this must be one of the worst novels ever published.

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But because its provenance is exceptional, it is an extraordinary and fascinating document. *The Coldest Winter in Peking* is the first *samizdat* novel written by a Chinese, and it unfolds a remarkably different picture of life in the People's Republic from the often enraptured accounts of visitors. Its interest does not lie in the clumsy efforts to thrill us, Forsyth-style, with real-life high-level political intrigues, but with its descriptions of everyday life for ordinary people. Through the medium of fiction, an angry and knowledgeable man has owned up to the state of the Chinese revolution. For this treachery, he is now hiding under a pseudonym in Japan.

Privilege and corruption are the people's bane. Even cigarettes are distributed according to rank, and the better brands go to the more powerful. Money buys softer work for the richer students sent to the communes; the poorer find they cannot even redeem the cost of their board, however hard they labour. During the famine of 1960, high-ranking officials wined and dined every other day in the Great Hall of the People, while the starving watched from outside. Denunciations are commonplace; the heroes of one movement are the class-enemies of the next. There are special schools for the children of the elite, strings can be pulled and queues can be jumped – if you know the right people. Old mud-walled houses, lived in by the same family for generations, are razed when an embassy is scheduled, and the inhabitants shifted 'far away to the new squalid and crowded chicken coops awaiting them'. And all the while a chronic frittering of human resources, imagination, idealism, intelligence and learning goes on.

The hero, 'Paleface Scholar', has become, after several political squalls, 'one of the superfluous men in China'. His band of friends are mostly fallen Red Guards, exploited for their energy during the Cultural Revolution, later repressed, who have fled the corrective farms to which they were banished, and are living off their wits without papers, ration cards or legal necessities in the rubble of the nuclear shelter tunnels after the earthquake. They sell goods on the Black Market – toy animals, for instance, plaited from the Little Red Book's shredded plastic cover.

Indignation has broadened the outlines of Hsia's story, but though it sounds exaggerated it does not sound fanciful. The book is preposterous as a work of fiction; less so as a work of fact. It is rough-hewn, poorly organised, weakly characterised, and the translation, by Liang-lao Dee (also a pseudonym, for an academic of Chinese origin living in America) is dreadful. Doubleday, who first published *The Coldest Winter* in English, owed Hsia a revision. Yet as a result, the novel seems a primitive work, an out-of-tune song, in which the very uncouthness of the execution stresses the sincerity of the feeling. If Hsia displayed more artistry, there would still be a problem establishing how accurate a reporter he is. But elegant phrases would have trimmed some of the anguish. For Hsia, in his own mind, has not left China. He writes from within Marxist-Leninism; he proclaims the betrayal of the revolution by those in power, not its failure. He sees Chou as his cherished ideological master, Mao as the leader whose romantic love of power made him as despotic as any feudal emperor by the end. Hsia sounds like someone planning ahead, like someone who wants to get back.

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Benedict Nightingale

In Babbling Reekie

A week of 50-hour days at the Edinburgh Festival, each spent gamely commuting from Portobello in the wan east to Corstorphine in the blazing west and thence to the nether regions of Lethe, alias Leith, regularly leaves me feeling faintly spooked; but never more literally than this year. Who should be waiting to greet those trekking with Baedeker and native bearers to the end of the 47 bus-route but Bernard Shaw, fresh from the grave, as garrulous as ever, and in no way intimidated by his sojourn on what is (he tells us) the 57th level of the Astral Plane? His *Caesar's Revenge*, 'posthumously ghosted' via one Rosemary Brown and 'adapted' by Christopher Gilmore, is packed with less-than-reverent cracks about the Elysian fields, a place where they drink 'milk-and-honey milkshakes', gossip amiably about the 'frontier-guardian angels' and the other winged bureaucrats who keep Eden ticking over, and snap to attention whenever invisible trumpets blow, as they apparently do if someone drops God's name. On the other hand, it would be wrong to suggest that the experience of being stone dead has left GBS altogether unchanged. Some of the old chap's language has become slangy and some of his thinking rather vulgar. The sage of Ayot St Lawrence would never have trotted out expressions like 'you fancied me', 'choke off', 'play along' and 'lumbered with', still less invited his audiences to snigger at homosexuals and homosexuality. Perhaps he has fallen in with bad company in the bowers of bliss.

There are other ways, too, in which Valhalla has made Shaw less Shavian. On terra firma, ideas of vengeance, atonement, punishment and the like totally repelled him. Anything short of actual execution he thought pointless and cruel, and that he saw as a form of mercy-killing, to be performed by a benevolent and regretful state on its absolute incorrigibles. But *Casesar's Revenge* is all in favour of eyes-for-eyes and teeth-for-teeth. At any rate, it tells how the brooding Julius arranges for Brutus to be reincarnated as an Irish girl and Cassius as a hospital porter, and for the one to stab the other to death in a dance hall. This sordid little event apparently represents 'justice', and is in some vague way analogous to the fair play and fair shares the still-socialist Shaw wishes to see on planet Earth; and, once it has occurred, the principals can progress another rung or two up the ladder of this odd, unChristian heaven. I must say that if this is the sort of message that GBS intends to go on sending us by celestial STD – and Mrs Brown's reports of her conversations with him make him sound ominously prolific – he might do better to save his tuppences and buy himself a change of figleaf.

Still, I found it an instructive evening, if only because the inside of Mrs Brown's head sounds remarkably like my own at festival-time. It is, she says, like an overworked telephone exchange, with Beethoven scrambling to finish dictating his latest sonata before Chopin interrupts with a new nocturne, and Shaw, Shelley and a dozen others jostling in on crossed lines. My hauntings are not, admittedly, quite so eminent, but they are no less cluttered; and they force me to admit what I annually become in babbling Reekie – the Madame Arcati of theatre criticism. So let it be.

Is anyone there? One at a time, darlings. There's a very excited yellow gentleman here, and an American called Soundhorn or Sandhammer or something, and some folk in kilts, and a large number of noisy Russians, and also an immortal bard. I see, yes, I see *Twelfth Night*. I see Ian McKellen as Belch, being horrid in plus-fours, and Roger Rees as Aguecheek, bounding and stumbling and yelping like an overgrown puppy. Oh what a spiffing pair of thespians! I see Bob Peck's Malvolio with a chain beneath his chin, looking and sounding like the town clerk of Batley or Otley, and I see the frame of a mirror through which Emily Richard's Viola leaps at the beginning and out of which the glummer characters creep at the end. Just like *Alice Through the Looking-Glass*! But let my spirit-guide, Big Chief Stinging Pencil, give his opinion. He thinks Jon Amiel's direction jolly clever, but not all the Royal Shakespeare Company quite up to scratch. Or not as *bang* up to scratch as he had hoped, it being royal, like him.

Oh, it's our oriental visitor again. Just a mo, dear. I don't care if your name is Mishima or if you did commit hari-kiri. In this country nice people wait for their turn, and there are a dozen Russkies in the queue ahead of you, all emitting strong vibrations. Too strong, maybe. Some of us thought Gogol's *Marriage* was meant to be amusing, at least part of the time. After all, it's a yarn about a timid suitor who defeats all his rivals, only to shin down the drainpipe and away on his wedding morning, and it positively teems with farcical types. But the Big Red Man's opinion is that Anatoli Efros and his Malaya Bronnaya Company have snow on their mental boots. They're a heap big gloomy crowd, these sons of Ivan, and their direction is heap big heavy-handed. They try too hard to be sardonic and striking and heap big brilliant with their arms and legs. The effect is elaborate, but somehow lifeless. A heap big big heap, says the feathered ectoplasm, Stinging Pencil.

Our ochre friend is still fiddling with my planchette and trying to wheedle his way into my crystal ball. You naughty nip! Don't you know it's time for Sledgehammer, I mean Slamhound, I mean Sondheim. He says that *Follies* is his best show, and what a pity it has never been (and probably never will be) performed in Britain by professionals. Don't fret, pet. The word from my spirit-guide is that the great white fathers of the University of Southern California have done a ripping job, considering they're forced to sing to audiences of five or six in a vast barn made of acoustical blotting-paper midway between Princes Street

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and the Great Wall of China. Slimhowl neatly blends two of his favourite subjects, the glamour of showbiz and the misery of marriage; and some of the songs are top-notch. The Big Chief says that 'I've got those tell-me-that-you-love-me – you-do? – I've-got-to-run-now blues, had him tapping his tomahawk, and 'I'm still here' made him want to jump round the totem pole.

I see *Looking Back* by the very brainy and brilliant Alan Drury, all about you-know-what in a university, and I see . . . but there'll just have to be another bulletin-from-beyond next week, because the Japanese johnnie is in an awful stew and keeps asking me to put my best foot on the tiller. Sorry, Mish, you'll just have to brace yourself and bear it. We thought your *Marquise de Sade* told us something about you. At least, it seemed to be saying that the perverse and the beautiful may really be one, that everything that lives is holy, and that there may be a backstairs way into heaven. But the Pencil and I also felt you were all thumbs when you wrote it – and, my dear, the actresses don't seem to be listening to each other or even to themselves. Fancy changing 'lilies wet with blood' to 'willies let with blood'! Or maybe that's what you meant.

Sport

Russell Davies

City Slickers

Already the football form book is full of crossings out, and dreadful losses are being made on early investments of enthusiasm. All that needed to happen, in order to bring on an agonised ingestion of hats and humble pie, was for Liverpool to chalk up a big away win for all to see on *Match of the Day*, calling forth hubristic eulogies studded with Hungarian, Spanish and Italian names, and then follow it up with a constipated one-nil League Cup defeat against Sheffield United on the following Monday night. Suddenly the glowing tributes are – what would Geoffrey Green say? – unplugged. Liverpool becomes a 'fallen giant' again, and people walk round the body, prodding at it disrespectfully, praising the David (if you care to picture Harry Haslam in an Israelite tunic and sling) responsible for the slaying. The rest of the general embarrassment is disguised by pseudo-frantic speculation over the future of Manchester City manager Tony Book, guilty of the awful crime of losing heavily right under the nose of Jimmy Hill.

And the most battered victim of this hastily improvised whirlpool of journalists' panic is Mike Channon, whose tele-recorded misses, from all sorts of ranges and angles, have marked him out as the season's first scapegoat. Maine Road has become a famous breeding-ground for this species. Something about the rabidly uncritical support enjoyed by the United club seems to make City fans regard it as their duty to cast a discerning rather than a kindly eye on their team; and with the discerning eye goes the hot larynx and caustic vocabulary which are a *specialité de la region*. Then again, the management, fearing to be overwhelmed by United's non-stop publicity, have tended to oversell themselves: the recent decision to allow the *Nationwide* programme in to get inside dope and true-life confessions is typical. It follows that City, as a club and ground, has rather more of the tart flavour of Manchester life and the flashy style of Manchester business about it – City play *urbi*, you might say, and United *orbi* – yet the club is virtually incapable of generating a self-sustaining atmosphere of elation and good form. Like *Coronation Street*, it appears to subsist on the energy given off by constant exchanges of criticism and recrimination. I expect Channon will have got the hang of this long ago.

But I am not so sure that the moaners of Maine Road are all that far wrong about Channon. They rightly sense, anyway, that he is not their style. There isn't enough of the 'up yours' about him – a feature that has characterised so many City strikers of recent years, and which reached a peak, or well rounded knoll, in Francis Lee. Channon has always seemed to me one of those happily loose-limbed players whose limbs are apt, if anything, to get looser the nearer they get to goal. He used to be quite alarming in this respect. On scoring for Southampton, he would affect so violent a whirling motion of the arm that one feared it might at any moment fly off, with a crackling noise, as of a turkey wing at Christmas. Latterly, I don't recall seeing him score so much: not even lashing his penalties, as he used to do at The Dell, with fearful velocity straight into the pit of the goalkeeper's stomach, an item which the goalkeeper, with the natural excitability of his trade or the normal sense of self-preservation of any human being, would always move briskly out of the way.

But Channon's repertoire of near misses – whacks over the bar, beyond the far post, stumbles into the keeper's chest with only the keeper's chest to beat – is obviously still intact; and his smiling gestures of frustration and contrition still more redolent of the world of village cricket than of big business in the First Division. Certainly there are those in first-class cricket – Bob Willis comes flailing and glowering to mind – who look to have more soccerish temperaments than Channon. I rather hope he ends up somewhere where they take things as philosophically as he does, but I can't think, these days, where that might be.

Nor can I let the cricket season pass away in its little flurry of finals and deciders without commiserating with the Bonko skull-caps people on the failure of their product to catch on despite the best efforts of sole agent M. Brearley. Perhaps he is the only man left convinced he has a brain worth protecting. However, the best efforts of M. Brearley are once again to be applauded, even if his batting has now improved seemingly at the expense of his slip fielding. As for Geoffrey Boycott, it is to be hoped that the Boycott fan club's policy of keeping their man steeped in a warm bath of applause, topped up every time he so much as ties a bootlace, will keep him happy through the long months of irksome subordination. Now, having found in Gooch an opener of vastly-upholstered calm, in Gower a batsman commanding enough to swat more than he bats, and in Botham a bowler who must believe in himself to a nauseating degree, England cannot go wrong. Until they get to Australia, where the pitches etc. etc.

Opera

Peter Conrad

Ensorcelled

Carmen *Edinburgh Festival Opera*
Seven Deadly Sins *Coliseum*

Carmen is an archetypal and therefore an abstract character. She is a possession of the collective unconsciousness, an image of woman which we all share but which we each envisage differently. In the opera, she exists only as she is perceived by or contrasted with others. Like Don Giovanni, she is an enigmatic object pursued by victims in whom she has aroused a frantic subjectivity. Her interpreters like her lovers are allured by a mystery: Carmen refuses to be defined, just as she refuses to be imprisoned in fidelity. One aspect of the independence she treasures is her independence of the singers who try to trap her by endowing her with their own qualities. Their way of understanding Carmen is to make her a facsimile of themselves: Régine Crespin plays her as an urbane, ironic Parisian, Marilyn Horne as a bouncy American farm-girl, Elena Obraztsova as a shrill Russian fury.

The special excellence of Teresa Berganza's Carmen in the Edinburgh Festival production is that she shuns this easy self-identification. Because she is Spanish, she sees the fraudulence of the vamping and castanet-clacking antics of her competitors. She gets closer than they do to Carmen because she suggests that there is nothing to get close to: Carmen is too slippery and moody to have a character, although it is her malign gift to assign a character to those she ensorcels. Don José discovers himself in succumbing to her, but he doesn't discover her. Not even by killing her can he make her surrender her secret. Berganza's Carmen is above all diffident. Far from rolling her hips and gnawing at roses, she mocks her own sexuality, as if disowning it. Her languorous intervention in the chorus after Escamillo's song is a joke not an invitation: she croons 'L'amour', and falls about in giggles.

This Carmen, like Don Giovanni, is a comic character, a mercurial opportunist who ends inadvertently in tragedy when someone calls her bluff. The statue arrives at the dinner party; José clumsily, even accidentally stabs Carmen when she dares him to do so. The source of Berganza's portrayal is her wonderful Cherubino, and the connection though surprising is apt: Kierkegaard called the page an adolescent avatar of Don Giovanni. Like Cherubino, her Carmen is agile, ubiquitous, polymorphous, more a disembodied instinct than a person. She specialises in tomboyish disguise (dressing up in Escamillo's cape) and in evasion, leaping over José when she escapes, picking Zuniga's pocket, and poking her tongue out at any detractor. Her progress is through a series of increasingly dangerous games – played first with the flower she tosses at José, then with the cards she deals, at last with the ring she tauntingly returns – which conclude in forfeit and death.

Because Carmen exists through the others

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who fear or desire or wonder at her (in Merimée's novel and in Piero Faggioni's production at Edinburgh she is an incident in José's recollection), she needs to be encircled by superlative colleagues. On this occasion only Tom Krause's Escamillo, a monster of strutting sexual conceit, was a worthy antagonist. Pedro Lavirgen's José was a provincial disgrace, and Yvonne Kenny's Micaela too arch and auntyish. But Claudio Abbado conducted with a harsh brilliance which matched Berganza's refusal to sentimentally indulge the character.

Carmen's status as an entrancing, ambiguous object not a confessional subject is confirmed by the dancing she does, first to tease José and later to entertain him. Like Salome unveiling or Elektra maenadically celebrating her revenge or Lulu attitudinising in the theatre, Carmen moves from opera to ballet because the dancer represents the image's absorption in itself. Carmen can make art from the convolutions of her own body. Form and content, physical object and emotional subject, are inextricably entwined.

Weill and Brecht in their sung ballet *Seven Deadly Sins* schizophrenically disjoin the two functions, pairing a sister who sings with one who dances but alienating them from one another. Anna I sings because she is a vigilant objective commentator, Anna II dances because she is a mute and wayward subject. The operatic truce between the arts has turned into dialectical warfare: Anna II is the sensuous heedlessness of music and dance, Anna I the repressive superintendence of words. But the opposites are equally balanced. Although the dancing Anna is enslaved to the acquisitive policies of the singing Anna, her subjugation is her salvation. The dancer is a self-destructive hedonist, the singer a stern conscience. Fatuous radicals call Anna I an evil materialist: actually, she is a wise and tragic moralist, who understands the pain of compromise with the world but acknowledges its necessity. *Seven Deadly Sins* is not an anti-bourgeois polemic but a fable about civilisation and its discontents. Anna I explains to her sister that wisdom is a victory over our own desires, and this sad perception sounds in the jaunty march of triumph with which the work ends.

The sisters, like Id and Ego, are deadly but tender enemies inhabiting the same body and enmeshed in an affectionate internecine strife. The mutuality of their combative love is perfectly conveyed by Lotte Lenya's recording of the work: that raddled, acidulous but worldly and compassionate voice transmutes cynicism into sentimentality, and blesses Anna II as it destroys her. The new production at the Coliseum calamitously misunderstands this reciprocal relationship, and cheaply politicises the work. Michael Geliot directs it as a propagandist cartoon in which the revolutionary ire of Anna II is suppressed by her mercenary twin, and even her sexuality is glossily packaged and marketed: a poster of a flushed freedom-fighter is replaced by one of cuddly Marilyn Monroe, who was betrayed and sacrificed by being merchandised as a sex-symbol. As Anna I, Julie Covington belatedly gets her chance to play Evita. Lenya's wise woman is presented as a gilded, grasping bitch.

Brecht's text is outraged by a translation littered with misplaced accents and inapposite slang ('piece of arse' for instance), which the programme blames on W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman. The truth is that it bears no relation to their brilliant, salty version, which is published in the Schott vocal score.

Television

Julian Barnes

Knickers

Most of the time, any half-way sceptical viewer expects the box to lie to him – with silky editing, excision of boring bits, canned applause: the mind makes automatic allowance for such discreet and well-meant tricks. It's less happy when the box lies by persuading you that what you're being shown is what you really want to see, by defining your interest in terms of what it happens to have available. For days we'd been promised 'World's First Test Tube Baby – TV Pictures'; the *Nine O'Clock News* (BBC-1) called them 'remarkable', *News at Ten* (Thames) 'explicit', and serious old *News on Two* (BBC-2) 'historic'. But did they show what we really wanted to see? Yet another perfectly ordinary baby, covered (so I was authoritatively informed) with rather less guck, glop, dreck and slup than usual, it popped out smoothly like the stone out of an avocado pear. Bravo – but where was the test-tube? Where was the proud, glinting phial without which . . .

We didn't see it, of course, yet I bet that's what, deep down, you'd really like to have seen, instead of the usual ensanguined bundle having its astronaut's lifeline snipped. A baby is only a baby, but what does a good test-tube look like nowadays? Perhaps it doesn't resemble any longer the thing that you always dropped at school, and now looks like a pipette, or a kilner jar. Could 'test-tube', anyway, be just a metaphor; perhaps they grow the infants, like mustard and cress, on pieces of damp lint; and what has become of the original, foetus-confecting 'tube': has it now been destroyed, lest it become – like Queen Victoria's knickers – prized and fought over beyond its rightful value?

There's another, more ordinary way in which the box dissembles; and, because of it, I maligned Martin Walker in my remarks about *Face the Press* (Tyne Tees) last week. As far as I, a mere viewer, could see, his failure to pursue Sir David McNee's admission of police misdemeanours could have been caused only by timorousness or by lack of journalistic instinct. It transpires that the real cause of Walker's silence was that all the time, under the table, he was being savagely kicked in the knee by chairman Ffitch. Fortunately, only a light strapping was needed when he limped off the show.

Every now and then, though, the telly lies productively. I watched *Six English Towns* (BBC-2) because so many friends implored me to work over Alec Clifton-Taylor (just to confirm this column's impartiality, I found him a decent old buffer, despite high-table pronunciations like 'the realway', and a tendency to patronise). What arrested me, though, was the stunning and imaginative mendacity of the camerawork. Even allowing for the fact that Stamford, Lincs., is a very well-preserved town, the camera managed to compress distance, stand on tiptoe, squint and peer in such a way as to eliminate almost every aspect of the 20th century – the Sketchley signs, traffic lights and street lamps (does everyone in Stamford have an indoor TV aerial?). It succeeded in dumping you back – better than any contemporary diarist or print could do – in the 17th or 18th century, depending on which way it chose to point; you had no trouble believing the female traveller who had found the town 'much finer than Cambridge'. The programme became less architectural history, more a film in praise of limestone; and if its patterned urban landscapes didn't quite make you 'imagine a faultless love/Or the life to come', you certainly felt the calm contentment induced by the sight of skilful craftsmanship reliant on local materials.

Two excellent serials ended this week. *Washington Behind Closed Doors* (BBC-2) survived a third viewing with no trouble, and effortlessly pointed up the defects (like script, acting, photography) of the frenetic, slice-of-the-Sixties *Loose Change* (BBC-1), which tries to hitch too many shameless rides on shared historical memory. *Out* (Thames) finished with less gore than one feared (especially after the nasty fourth episode, where violence to women was overdone), and also with Frank Ross's character much more unredeemed than one had feared. Brian Cox's awesome, Scottish, *r*-less McGrath finally evaded Ross (too easily – Frank's attention was diverted by a telephone), and will, I suppose, turn up to be chased through another half-dozen episodes. One hopes not; excitingly grey and threatening though *Out* has been, a follow-up can only be less good. At present, the memory will hold on to Trevor Preston's script, Tom Bell, Norman Rodway and Brian Cox as being unimprovably good.

'The original, energising motor that makes me compose is the urge to communicate,' Leonard Bernstein began in *Reflections* (BBC-2), an American 60th-birthday tribute; and the self-praising communicator kept up this clogged obviousness throughout. Films about conductors are often not much good because they consist mainly of the maestro going 'Pee-Per-Pa-POUM-K-42' and then berating an errant piccolo. Films about composers are often not much good because they can't show you how composers compose ('One does one's best work as a composer lying down,' Bernstein announced unconvincingly, and duly obliged by allowing himself to be filmed lying down on a sofa, hand artily cradling his head, waiting for Polymnia to snap her mighty fingers).

Self-absorption without self-awareness seems Bernstein's great quality; this, combined with the fact that he sweats a large amount and doesn't own a comb, is presumably why the American public has come round to his view of himself as a great man. Apart from prolixity, he displayed two common characteristics of the artist disturbingly deluded into the belief that he is something truly special. The first is reading disproportionate significance into the trivia of his life: 'It was prophetic that my debut should be involved with an electronic medium,' he said lumpishly of his first Carnegie Hall outing, when all he meant was that the concert had been broadcast on radio, and he himself subsequently did a lot of work on television. The second trait is the belief that the whole of

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artistic history is there to prepare for your apotheosis. American music, LB feels, has now come round to tonality again; should be essentially eclectic; and is now waiting to develop its own opera out of the mould of the Broadway musical. Quite by chance, our (or rather, their) Lenny is getting ready to write a handful of eclectic yet tonal musicals. 'That also takes a certain amount of courage,' he told us honestly, direct to camera, He paused, puffed at a cigarette, and then, just as we were beginning to sweat, reassured us: 'and I'm ready to meet that challenge.'

Music

Andrew Clements

Refreshments

South Bank Summer Music *Queen Elizabeth Hall*

Pinchas Zukerman's first year in charge of the GLC's answer to the Proms happily coincided with two anniversaries. Vivaldi's 400th birthday and the 150th anniversary of Schubert's death made a convenient if predictable coupling for a festival that has always combined chamber music with small-scale orchestral concerts. I'm afraid I tend to Luigi Dallapiccola's view of Vivaldi – that he didn't write 600 concertos so much as the same concerto 600 times – but never need any justification to celebrate Schubert's genius. No great composer revives a jaded musical palate like he does, no one imbues the most basic harmonic progressions with such an emotional charge. The opening chord of the G major Quartet souring to the minor, the C major Quintet clouded by a diminished seventh as early as the third bar – textbook sequences both of them, but each captures the essence of the whole work.

London has been deluged with performances of Schubert chamber music this year, most of them little more than adequate. Yet Zukerman's thorough survey exploited one of South Bank Summer Music's greatest virtues, the ability of the artistic collaborators – Barenboim, Previn and Marriner before Zukerman – to persuade their peers to combine to play in small ensembles. When else in London could you hear Isaac Stern, Zukerman and the cellist Lynn Harrell playing chamber music together? The inevitable losses in tight ensemble are usually more than compensated for by the freshness of the interpretations. Two concerts by the Gabrieli Quartet were a perfect illustration of this. Rather than entrust the string quartets to an *ad hoc* group, the Gabrieli played all the well-known works together with a scattering of the less familiar earlier quartets. All the performances were efficient: ensemble was impeccable, there were very few lapses of intonation, the tonal balance was fine. Yet there was little dramatic tension that wasn't built into the music by Schubert, and few insights. To my knowledge the Gabrieli have given at least two all-Schubert programmes in the past year in London alone, so it was hardly surprising that these interpretations were entirely routine, and the comparison with a performance of the *Trout* Quintet the previous evening could hardly have been less flattering. I'm pretty sure Stern, Zukerman, Harrell, Adrian Beers and the pianist Jean-Bernard Pommier had never played together in public until that evening; ensemble was sometimes precarious and they had clearly not coordinated their phrasing. Yet the sparks flew. Pommier was not at all outshone by his more illustrious partners; he scarcely missed a single musical point or failed to respond to Stern's or Zukerman's promptings. The delight they all took in their unfamiliar roles could be seen in their faces.

One evening broke the mould. It enterprisingly coupled two Schubert rarities for wind ensemble (an undistinguished minuet and finale and a quite extraordinary funeral dirge) with music by Alban Berg. There are some parallels between the composers to be found if you try hard enough: Berg playing Schubert to Schoenberg's Beethoven, Berg's 12-note technique lying as uneasily on his fidelity to traditional forms as Schubert's sometimes novel key schemes conflict with the proportions of his classical models. Daniel Barenboim brought a classical restraint to Berg's Piano Sonata Op. 1, with beautiful gradations of tone (even though it sometimes lacked a clinching sumptuousness), and conducted Zukerman and Joseph Kalichstein in the Chamber Concerto for violin, piano and 13 wind instruments. Kalichstein seemed a little uneasy; perhaps he found it as difficult as I do to reconcile Berg's harmonic language with his flights of quasi-romantic figuration.

One performance stood out from everything else in the fortnight and from everything else I've heard this year. Stern, Harrell and Zukerman combined with the young violinist Shlomo Mintz and the cellist Yo Yo Ma for the Schubert Quintet. Mintz and Ma must have wondered what had hit them. It was very much Stern's view of the Quintet – taut, full of dramatic surges and interpretative points which sometimes verged on recomposition. The first-movement repeat served to screw up the tension another notch; the trio of the third was taken slower than I've ever heard it and became incomparably moving. The catharsis of the finale's 'cafe music' then seemed entirely appropriate. I've never emerged from a performance so convinced of the work's greatness or prompted to wonder whether there exists a more perfect piece of chamber music.

This English

An innocuous-looking winner this week – but it is in a headline, and also signals the start of our campaign to rescue the hyphen. If the hyphen goes, we'll never get it back. Then two misuses: 'discomfiture' means 'defeat' (it is not a grand way of saying 'discomfort'); and either a thing is unique or it isn't. Finally a vague homophone – like 'beknighted' the other week – and a good roving apposition. £3 for the first, £2 for the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Four Minute Raiders Grab £¾m **Headline** *Daily Telegraph* (John T. Hart)

☐ I would point out that I 'ventilated' this topic in your columns over a year ago together with criticisms of the bus-like discomfiture of the seats in the new first-class air-conditioned stock. **Corelli Barnett** *Daily Telegraph* (Ingrid Romnes)

☐ Such events are no longer as unique as they once were. **Paul Sieghart** *The Times* (J.H. Gracey)

☐ Once made, the point is not belaboured **S. Schoenbaum** *Times Literary Supplement* (Crispin Owen)

☐ All smiles... Lawrie McMenemy, manager of Southampton Football Club, who opened the exhibition and his wife Anne. **Caption** *Newcastle Journal* (J. Morris)

Films

John Coleman

Rather Rocky

F.I.S.T. (A) *Leicester Square Theatre*

If you watch Sylvester Stallone narrowly, as it was impossible not to so in his mumbling, shambling *Rocky*, you will observe that the character he plays – who may well have much in common with the person he is – has this peculiarly shut-in quality. At best, the effect is of massive, suppressed force waiting to be triggered: at worst, of a fairly commonplace if extreme self-interest. On occasion he actually looks away from someone as he delivers a key line. This can point up the line but it also plays hell with any firm sense of commitment, physical or emotional, to others. In his second movie, *F.I.S.T.* (an acronym for the Federation of Interstate Truckers, in turn a stand-in for them there Teamsters), he is cast in the Jimmy Hoffa role and damn near sinks.

We watch his rise from a menial unloader's job in Cleveland, 1937, to recruiter for a local truckers' union and, step by step, to presidency of the whole shebang and the final drama of the senatorial committee investigation. Before writs are hurled around, it should be made clear that Stallone's Johnny Kovak is the product of a screenplay by Joe Eszterhas, a Hungarian-born reporter in Cleveland, some say with verbal assists from the actor himself, and that this Kovak is gunned down, not jailed and then gone missing: it is not a biography straight, any more than the devious ways he came to supreme power lend themselves to historical parallelism. It simply doesn't set out to be that kind of film: it is far too shallow for that.

For if Stallone's beefy, nattily greying Kovak crucially lacks those gifts for intimacy and rabble-rousing that might have made his empire-building credible, by and large his performance fits comfortably enough into the tableau-style in which Norman Jewison has chosen to direct. (Laszlo Kovacs's arty-tarty photography is all of a piece.) Perhaps one is asking too much and, as at least one respectable American critic has suggested, should lean back and watch the pageant pass by, treat it – I was pretty cheerfully prepared to do this with *Rocky* – as a throwback to the movie fashions of the Thirties and Forties. Here, after all, we have that oldie about three kids who grew up on the same block, but differently: Abe (David Huffman), the nice, blond guy who goes uneasily along with

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Kovak up the ladder, then threatens to topple it; Vince (Kevin Conway), the crook who leads Kovak into Mafia entanglements; and, of course, Kovak the Man, loyalties divided between the two. It all happens painlessly, with a couple of nice little appearances from prim Melinda Dillon and sexy Cassie Yates as wives-to-be of Kovak and Abe.

This is not to claim there are no harsh words or scenes. Kovak tells a stuffy board meeting early on, 'We're going to cut off your balls', and later wearily explains to Abe, 'Ain't nothing clean. Ain't nothing clean.' Both Kovak and Abe get badly beaten up by gorillas hired by the wicked capitalists. Some authentic excitement is generated in the well-choreographed violence: pickets, strike-breakers, mobs against mobs, with the menacing, rhythmic thud of truncheons on cobbles as street warfare begins; then rifles, hoses, home-made bombs. As the huge CONSOLIDATED sign is tugged down, Jewison may be remembering Eisenstein, just as there is some pallid recall of *The Godfather* in a wedding-party sequence. But what I wanted was some feeling of interiority. All the moral decisions seem to have happened in the wings. Not even Rod Steiger as the crusading senator can give this *F.I.S.T.* punch.

Weekend Competition

No 2530 **Set by Snubbin**

Auden wrote that 'Poetry makes nothing happen'. Prove him wrong: write a news report (150 words max) of an event precipitated by the reading of a famous poem, volume or anthology of verse.

Result of No 2527 **Set by Sir Gel**

We asked you to update Keats's *Nightingale, Urn*, or *Homer* (*Chapman's*), in the style of Auden.

Report **by Fatboy**

We weren't surprised that most of you chose *Homer* – it's a much quicker read, isn't it, you lazy wets? We were surprised, though, at how hard you found it to imitate Mr W. H.; too many of you simply bunged an airman's helmet or a 'Look stranger' into the first line and let the rest take care of its vaguely updated self. Some of you were e'en so anachronistic that you lapsed into *e'en* and *ere*. There was e'en a *'twas* in one entry. Ransome came up with the best Auden style, though the plot got a little lost in it. Seven to him; six the field.

Travellers turning over borders like riffled pages
In slave states where policeman patrols the museums
And all *burglich* elderly ministers open a vein,
Carried by waves to sandy archipelagos,
Or in bookstores hearing the times of the nautical hero,
Now publish the way of the future, expertly mapped
For the alive gland and the urgent lovable rocket,
Sing like a lesson the surgical joy of the watcher
Dazzled by stars, woken and willing, not drugged
By rugger or nurses, the boy who has burned his blazer
And the man who won't stay at home with his wireless,
Explore strategic passes in mountains where hope
Fills the ammunition-belt, enjoy while you can
The view from the rocks burrowed by sensitive tunnels

BASIL RANSOME

Dreamy in a darkling bar,
idly sipping Southern Bourbon,
remembering an evening star,
half-forgetting urban boredom.

Nightingales who sang in childhood
can't be heard on this night street.
Here there is no magic wildwood,
still, cornmash liquor is warm and sweet.

Time has taken me and shook me,
left me with these dying boozers.
Though we all are rich and look free,
all except the years are losers.

Only language can escape time.
Only words and childhood birdsong.
Immortal, they may rest sublime,
though beauty burns and love goes wrong.

ROY KELLY

In Chapman's day poets had to write about Gods and Heroes using capital letters and high-flown verses ad libitum
in the opinion of good judges:
I shall not read him again; for now we deprecate all manifestations of heroism at whatever level,
and prefer verse that trudges.

In any event, I have never been interested
in well chosen epithets and rhetorical flourishes,
preferring to penetrate all disguise;
in this resembling Odysseus' dog – what was his name, then? –
who from his dunghill was the only
one his returning master
actually to recognize.

PETER PETERSON

This is a nice vase that's so very Greek;
It's plenty to say, although it can't speak.

Some figures play pipes, whilst others play drums.
Whatever the music, they'll stay as the dumbs.

Some men are hunters, the women pursuing;
I cannot but wonder what they are doing.

Their love is lasting, unlike us poor quick;
When real passion ends, it makes people sick.

On this side of the jar, a priest takes a bow;
Are those people watching him killing a cow?

Did they come from that city and leave its streets dead?
Their secret's still secret, for nothing is said.

This Hellenic pot's a permanent token,
Outlasting the living, unless it is broken.

Its splendour will live; that's true, you'll agree;
Thus, truth equals beauty; that's proved. Q.E.D.

E. O. PARROTT

O I had been to sunny Spain
And I had been to Rome,
I'd been to Majorca again and again,
New York was as good as home,
But the scholars they spoke of a golden land
Described by an ancient Greek;
Yet all I got was Blackpool sand
Till I heard Chapman speak.
O he was like a big pools win
Or a dance by Legs and Co.
O he was as good as an hour of sin
With a hostess in Soho,
And I felt like Cortez when he saw
The sea from a Darien peak –
'Cos Pope does a lot but Chapman more
(If you can't read Homer in Greek).

T. GRIFFITHS

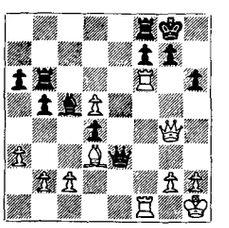
Tony Miles

Chess

Problem 98 **The Elusive Norm**

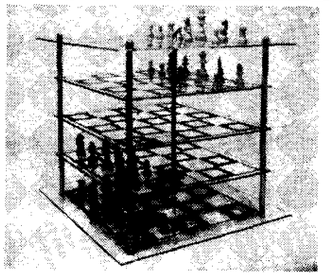
Having narrowly missed his final GM norm at Lone Pine, Jonathan Mestel had another chance in the third North Sea Cup at Esbjerg, Denmark. This time the target was a stiff 9½/13, leaving little margin for error. However, he started well, beating Sigurjonsson in the first round and moving steadily to 3½/5, but then came a disastrous mid-tournament spell. From the five Danes – Sloth, Brinck-Claussen, Hoi, FriesNielsen (all untitled) and Bent Larsen – he collected just 1½ points. A good finish brought him up to the relative respectability of fourth place but the elusive norm had escaped again.

White: G. Sigurjonsson **Black: A. J. Mestel**
1.P-K4, P-QB4; 2.N-KB3, P-Q3; 3.P-Q4, PxP; 4.NxP, N-KB3; 5.N-QB3, P-KN3; 6.B-K3, B-N2; 7.P-B3, B-Q2; 8.Q-Q2, N-B3; 9.O-O-O, R-QB1; 10.P-KN4, N-K4; 11.P-KR4, P-KR4. Blocking the kingside. White will be left with a space advantage, and the Black knight will not be completely happy on KR2, but at least there is no mating attack. **12.P-N5, N-R2; 13.P-B4, N-N5; 14.B-N1, 0-0; 15.R-R3,** 15.P-B5!? is interesting eg 15 . . . BxN; 16.BxB, PxP with complications **15 . . .P-K4!** Clarifying the central position. **16.N(Q4)-N5, PxP; 17.R-Q3?** Better was 17.NxQP, N-K6! with an unclear position, probably slightly in Black's favour. **17 . . . Q-R4; 18.NxQP, RxN;** The standard dragon sacrifice drives the White king into the open. **19.RxR.** Not 19.PxR, Q-R6ch; 20.K-N1, B-K3 or 19.K-N1? RxR; **19 . . . QxRP; 20.QxP, Q-R8ch; 21.K-Q2, QxP; 22.R-N3, Q-R7; 23.N-B4, B-R5.** Regaining the sacrificed material. Black is left a pawn ahead and the White king is still in trouble. **24.R(1)-N1, R-Q1ch; 25.B-Q3, BxR; 26.RxB, N-B1; 27.Q-B7, R-Q2; 28.Q-N8, P-N3; 29.K-K2, Q-R8; 30.B-K3, Q-R8; 31.Q-N3, N-K3; 32.R-N5, NxB; 33.KxB, P-R3; 34.R-Q5, RxR; 35.PxR, QxQP; 36. Q-N8ch, K-R2; 37.NxP, B-Q5ch; 38.K-K2, Q-N7ch; 39.K-Q1, Q-N8ch; Resigns.**



Problem 98
White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 13 September.

Solution to Problem 96
1.P-Q7! R-Q1; (if 1 . . . R-KB1; 2.QxQ,BxQ; 3.B-N5 wins) 2.Q-B6! RxP (or 2 . . . QxP; 3.B-N5! and 4.B-R6) 3.B-R6, Q-Q5; 4.R-K1! B-K5 (or 4 . . . B-K3; 5.RxB!) 5.RxB! Resigns.



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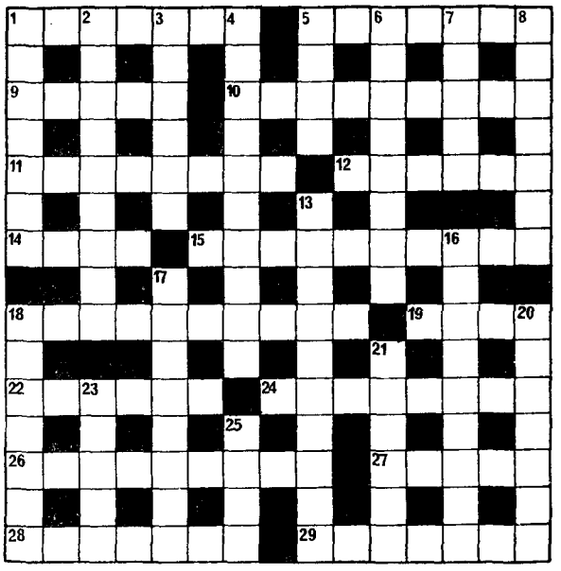
Weekend Crossword 1274

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1274, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 12 September.



ACROSS

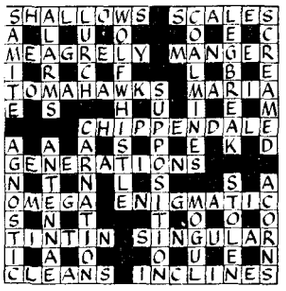
1. Tobacco suitable for roof of mouth? (7).
5. A depression within a depression in American political life (7).
9. Food begins without beginning (5).
10. Lass doing wrong for musical effect (9).
11. They do not believe in reforming his state (8).
12. Where to be one run wild (6).
14. 'And they would go and —— dead Caesar's wounds' (*J. Caesar*) (4).
15. Carol about the subject has little knowledge (10).
18. Rushing about without clothing, working on a farm (10).
19. Prize for a hymn without a saint in it (4).
22. We declare he is a craftsman (6).
24. There is something painful about a tiny beloved (8).
26. Born to go short of funds at the seaside (9).
27. If one is in tune possibly get into harmony (5).
28. Pedal which has altered (7).
29. Pins which secure jugs behind back of desk (7).

DOWN

1. Reduction for union members? (7).
2. One who pays for animals' expression of pleasure about the hunt (9).
3. Where we hear one who moves hurriedly (6).
4. It is permissible to hop it before I wed (10).
5. Leaving Marx unfinished is fashionable (4).
6. Father's efforts at cookery? (8).
7. Projection of composition in reverse (5).
8. Searching for a picture in a card game? (7).
13. Is on the defensive when there is nothing fresh in the market (10).
16. Stop being Roman, making ruined cities ail (9).
17. Adorned so as to be like a ship? (8).
18. Following the bird is the boring part for this flower (7).
20. Attractive things the journal captures (7).
21. See about an animal being locked up (6).
23. Swiftly father put in a successful stroke (5).
25. Confidence for a star (4).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1273



Prizewinners to No 1273

D. Page (London SW2)
A.E. Threlfall (Brierley Hill)
Steve Combes (Southsea)

APPOINTMENTS

Applications are invited for a

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in the
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For further details concerning duties, salary, and qualifications required apply to

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Postfach

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Research Department

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A vacancy will shortly arise for a librarian in the Union's Research Department. The duties are to maintain the records of the Union, which involves ordering books, periodicals, Government publications, etc; arrangement and classification of material, some indexing and providing information when required.

It has been decided that a large section of the Research Department's files should be transferred to microfilm. The person appointed will be responsible for ensuring that the transfer is carried out effectively.

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The salary scale (inclusive of London Weighting) is £5,363-£5,448 to £5,538 and there is a non-contributory pension scheme, entrants to which are required to take a medical examination.

Application forms obtainable from 01-622 9977 ext. 233.

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Camden Committee for Community Relations
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Application forms (returnable by 30 September) with full information, from: **Camden Committee for Community Relations, 1 Robert Street, *London NW1 3JU (Tel.: 388 1942)*.**

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The General Secretary, National Union of Journalists, Acorn House, 314 Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8DP.
(Please specify appointment in which you are interested).

International University Exchange Fund

INFORMATION OFFICER/EDITOR

The International University Exchange Fund (IUEF), an international non-governmental organisation, seeks an information Officer/Editor to take charge of the Information Department at the Geneva headquarters.
The work of the IUEF is concentrated on educational assistance to refugees in Africa and Latin America: assistance to Liberation Movements and other groups fighting for independence in Southern Africa: assistance to organisations working for the restoration of democracy in Latin American countries presently under oppressive regimes and assistance to development projects of a specialised nature.
The Information Department is responsible for the presentation of the work of the IUEF, both to the public and to the IUEF constituency, and is also responsible for the production and final editing of IUEF documentation.
The Information Officer/Editor should have journalistic and editing skills as well as experience in the production of accurate and creative material under conditions of extreme pressure. A good knowledge of Southern Africa and/or experience in development education work would be an advantage. A good command of the French language, or at least a willingness to acquire this, is essential.
Applications for this position, including a comprehensive resumé of previous work experience, qualifications and if possible, a portfolio of examples of work undertaken in the past, should reach the IUEF Director in Geneva before 2 October 1978.
International University Exchange Fund, P O. Box 108, 1211 Geneva 24, Switzerland.

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The British Medical Association (an independent listed Trade Union) require a national officer with wide Trade Union experience and possibly also knowledge of the National Health Service. The Officer will be based at the Association's Head Office in London and will be required to set up and supervise a team of about 16 regional industrial relations officers.

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Applications should be sent by 18 September 1978 to the **Personnel Administrator, British Medical Association, BMA House, Tavistock Square, London WC1H 9JP.**

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The conditions of appointment and form of application for this post may be obtained from **Mr L. Stevens, 132 Westmount Road, Eltham, London, SE9** to whom completed application forms should be returned not later than **Friday 29 September 1978.**

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for its Stockport Project, initially for a 12 month period. If you have had experience of work in a voluntary organisation and can lead a small team of volunteers in a developing and existing area of community work please apply, in writing, with curriculum vitae to J. Luke, c/o 301 Heaton Lane, Stockport, or telephone John Sutton at 061-477 2301 with informal inquiries. Salary £58.80 p.w. Closing date 6 September 1978.

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requires RESEARCHER

to work primarily on Portuguese speaking Africa and English speaking West Africa. To investigate human rights situations and individual cases. Work involves preparing prisoner biographies, background reports, briefing missions and formulating policy.

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Fellowship

Greater London Arts Association

C DAY LEWIS FELLOWSHIP

Applications are invited from published creative writers for a C Day Lewis Fellowship at Vauxhall Manor Girls Comprehensive School, London SW8 for the academic year 1978/9.

The writer will be expected to spend 2 days a week at the school during this period, encouraging and stimulating the children's own writing and interest in literature. The award will be negotiable to a maximum of £2,750, depending on the date when the fellowship can be taken up.

Applications, including details of publications and relevant experience should be sent to:

The Literature Officer,
Greater London Arts Association,
25/31 Tavistock Place, London WC1H 9SF
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This is a re-advertisement. Previous applicants will be reconsidered and need not apply again.

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Personal

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Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE (Royal Shakespeare Company). 836 6404. Info 836 5332. Transfer from 1977 Stratford-upon-Avon season Shakespeare's 'As You Like It' in repertoire with 'Coriolanus'. See daily press for dates and times. RSC also at The Warehouse in Peter Flannery's 'Savage Amusement' & Pete Atkin's 'A & R'.

CHICHESTER. 0243 81312. 1, 2, 4 & 7 Sept. at 7.00, 9 Sept. at 2.00 'The Aspern Papers'. 2 & 7 Sept at 2.00, 5, 6, 8 & 9 Sept. at 7.00 'Look After Lulu'.

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COPRA (Conference of Private Residents Associations): Workshop meetings begin 5 Sept, Arts Theatre, Gt Newport St, WC2, 6.30 — 8.30 p.m. Discussion of tenants' problems and policies for the private sector. All welcome. Subscriptions £1 per Association.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. Wednesday 6 Sept. 7.30 p.m., 5 Tavistock Pl., WC1. A speaker from Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament on 'CND Now'. All welcome.

ISLINGTON FABIAN SOCIETY Fri. 8 Sept. 8 p.m. Chris Smith 'National Parks', Town Hall, Upper St., N1. Tkts Pat Haynes, 12 Highbury New Park, N5.

DISCUSSION ON LAW & ORDER. London Young Humanists, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London W8. Sun. 3 Sept., 7.30 p.m. Adm. 30p.

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